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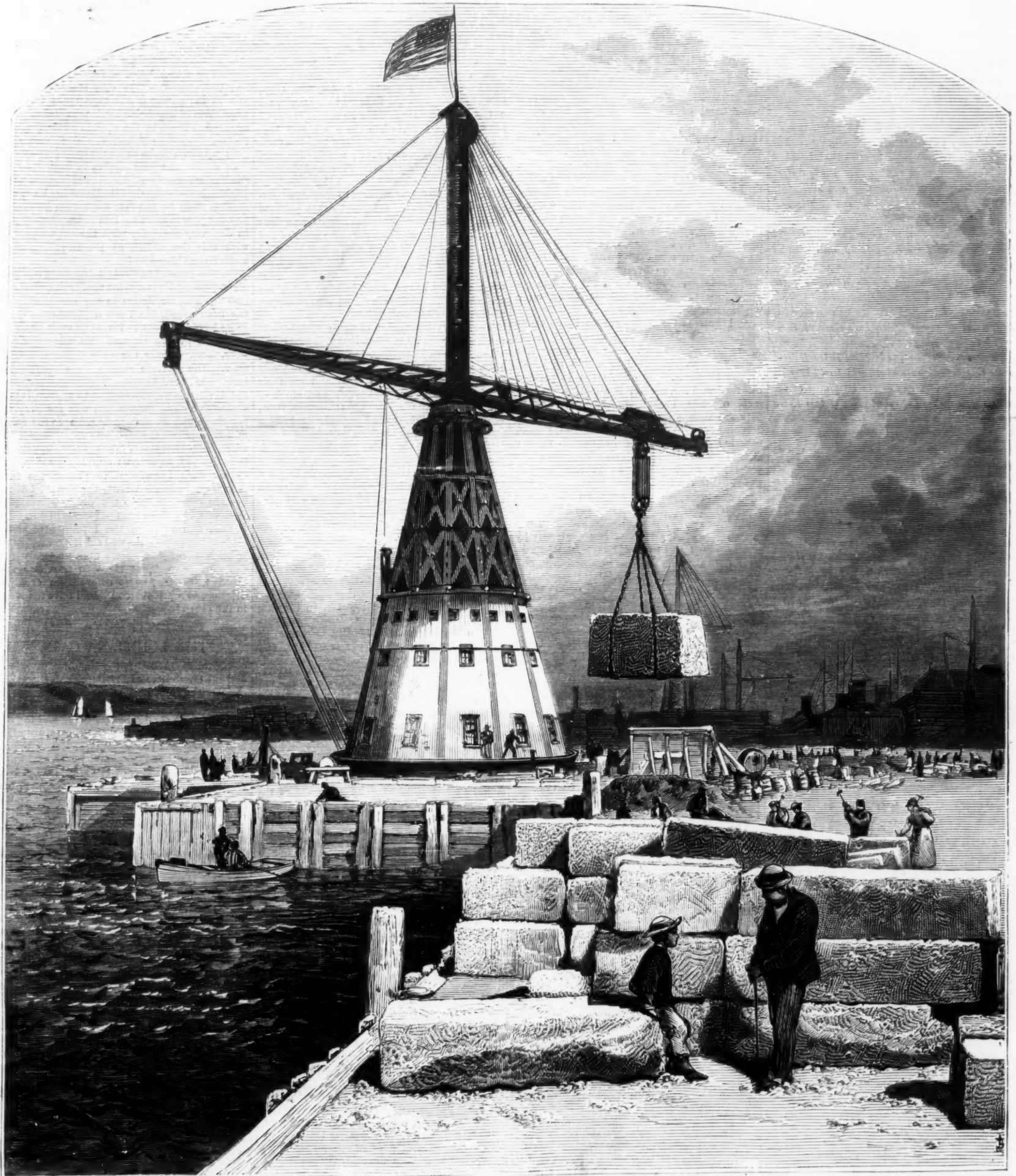
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1873.

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The next number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER commences Volume XXXVI., and we shall present it in an entirely new typographical costume.

SPAIN—WILL THE REPUBLIC LIVE!

MAKE haste slowly! We do not want to baptize the Republican Spanish baby, as Mr. Dombey baptized little Paul, with ice-water; but we are not sanguine about the constitution of the infant. Amadeus simply leaves the field clear for contending Factionists, like the desperate and active Carlists, who are now rapidly pushing their way into the centre and south of Spain.

The new Government—called a Republic ("What's in a name?")—have to contend against such claimants of the throne as Don Alphonse and the Duke of Montpensier, an enemy whom the Spanish Government has found it, hitherto, impossible to extirpate. This enemy is consolidated, zealous, determined. The opposition are split into such factions as the Liberals, Conservatives and Radicals, who seem arrayed against each other. Swarms of Communists are flocking to Madrid from London, Paris and Brussels, against whom the Republic must struggle, as well as against the adherents of Don Alphonse and the Duke of Montpensier and the Carlists.

Of these claimants to the Spanish throne who will press on with all possible vigor, Don Carlos, who is now in France, is the strongest. He is descended, as we believe, from Charles IV. It is he who is now represented by the Carlists. He is brother of the Count Monte-

molin who, in 1860, was arrested, and only liberated after he had signed a renunciation of all his claims to the Spanish throne, and who died in said year. Against this act, Don Carlos (Ferdinand) registered his protest, and has never omitted an opportunity to press his claims. Almost every year since the death of his brother has witnessed a Carlist uprising, the present apparently being the most formidable of all.

The Duke of Montpensier has no claim by descent. He is the fifth son of Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amelie, whose marriage with Marie Louise, sister of Isabella II., nearly brought about a rupture between France and England. After the flight of Isabella he was a candidate for the vacant throne. But he spoiled his slim chances by a duel with the Infante Bourbon, his cousin, for which he was fined and banished to France. This Cavalier is not over strong. At the time of the election of Amadeus by the Cortes, he only received 22 votes out of 311.

Don Alphonse, Prince Asturias, is the only son of Isabella, who renounced her claims to the throne in 1870, and he must be considered as out of the Royal Ring, for, in the Cortes he received but two votes, as against Amadeus. But he has strong partisans in the Army, many of whom are monarchists. Yet, by last advices, we see that parts of the Army refused to mutiny in favor of Don Carlos, and cheered the Republic. We also note the defeat of a small band of Carlists. But, on the other hand, we are to regard the fact that the Cortes, who created the "Republic," were elected more by fraud and strategy, than as the Representatives of Spanish sentiment. This Cortes were elected as friends of Constitutional Monarchy, and not as Republicans. Again, the mass of the priesthood have a monarchical bias, with which the higher class of the nobility sympathize. The temper of the Spanish people, therefore, is manifestly uncertain. No man can divine what would be its fate were the new Government submitted to the people to-day. So we cannot fail to observe how the "Republic" is based on a weak, disintegrating foundation.

And how is Cuba to fare in this change of the deal? It was wise in our Congress to reserve something, not to jump, like hungry fishes, and swallow whole this bait of the Republic. As ever, Spain lies, in the fact of her broken promise to abolish Slavery there; and never have the adherents of Tyranny been more active than now in aiding the United States still further along that downward path which for so many years has so disgraced us in reference to Cuba. Our conduct toward the Patriots has been one unbroken falsehood for a long line of years, each of which shames us. We have broken our faith, we have receded from our demands, we have violated our neutrality by shutting off Cuba from our market, when we have invited Spain to come here and arm, and we have set international law, on the question of recognition, as well as our own precedents, at positive defiance.

The latest news from Madrid is that the American Minister has assured the Cabinet of the Republic that the Cuban question will not be "pressed in a shape embarrassing to the new Government." What this diplomatic language means we do not at all understand. Will the Cuban question be "pressed" in any "shape"? Will our persistence in insisting on Emancipation in Cuba "embarrass" Spain? Will a recognition of the Patriots by us be unpleasant to the "Republic"?

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

WE think it important to recur to the old fog machine called the Electoral College. In counting out the Electoral vote, the two Houses, in Joint Convention, assumed powers altogether unwarranted by the Constitution, in conforming to a Joint Rule, arbitrarily created by themselves. It was a Judicial usurpation by which they threw out the entire Electoral vote of two States. They usurped Electoral power when they decided that the three votes cast for Mr. Greeley should not be counted. It is quite easy to imagine a case—as we said last week—where the exercise of such extra-constitutional power might lead to revolt and civil war, as, for example, had the result of the late Presidential election depended on the vote of Louisiana.

We do not think it necessary to discuss the Joint Rule under which these usurpations happened, for it is practically repealed. But we do insist on the abolishment of the Electoral College, a cumbrous, complicated, worn-out machine, which only lives because of the supposed difficulties in the way of a better plan, which shall secure the fundamental principle of choosing the President and Vice-President by a vote of the States.

We do not see why the Electoral College may not be abolished, and the States have, as now, a number of Presidential votes, equal to the number of Senators and Representatives from such States. Let all disputes be settled by the certification of the Governors, or of the

Supreme Courts of the States, and leave no discretion to Congress in the matter of counting them. Modeled on this thought, the Electoral College can be abolished, Congress will be deprived of discretionary powers in the count of the votes, the States retain the election by a vote of the States, and each State become the judge of its own election.

A SNEAKING COMMITTEE.

THE Poland Committee have done their work—and such work! What wonder that crime stunts its brazen front everywhere, and outstares honesty, in all the walks of American public life, when such examples are made in high places as these, of the guilty Congressmen and the guiltier Crédit Mobilier Investigating Committee!

In December, 1867, Mr. Ames began his temptation and corruption; for, then the stock was worth more than its par value, and in two months thereafter it had reached four times its par value. Against all hostile legislation, like that proposed by Mr. Washburn, the bribed members voted. About this time (January 3d) Mr. Dawes's dividend, according to the official record, published in the New York Herald, December 21st, 1872, was worth one hundred and twenty per cent. (sixty per cent. in first mortgage bonds and sixty in stocks). Mr. Scofield got his shares in January, 1868, and received also his immense dividends, up to the following June. Mr. Bingham received his shares in 1868, when the stock was four times its par value, and pocketed all the dividends up to February, 1872; which dividends amounted to nearly eleven thousand dollars. Mr. Kelley's stock was carried by Ames, as Kelley had not the money to pay the purchase; but, in June, 1868, Mr. Ames paid for Kelley's stock out of realized dividends, and then gave Mr. Kelley a difference—the proceeds of dividends—in his favor of over three hundred dollars! Garfield performed the Kelley trick over again, on ten shares, without paying for them, and he received his balance, out of the dividends, after deducting the purchase-money—of three hundred dollars!

The guilty knowledge of these members is proven at once by the fact that this stock was taken between December, 1867, and February, 1868, during which period these Congressmen received eighty per cent. dividend on their shares, in first mortgage bonds and stock of the Union Pacific Railroad! Of course, then, they knew that they were bribed. This is a fact too self-evident for debate.

This Report is shameful, scandalous, pitiful, partial, flimsy and false. We care not what Congress do with it—the fact remains that the Poland Committee have steeped themselves to the very lips in a pit of ink. No packed Tombs jury ever disgraced themselves so signally, for the guilty Committee are our lawmakers—and, Heaven shield us!—our Representatives. They have mocked at Justice. The sophistications and moral words and well-sounding platitudes in their Report cannot wash out the "damned spot."

There is consolation, however, in the fact that Mr. Fernando Wood's Resolution, suggesting the impeachment of Mr. Colfax, came within four votes of its passage. This fact redeems the record of the House of Representatives from the absolute ignominy of having passed by the Vice-President's crime without rebuke. But we look for no impeachment, for no expulsion. For the ends of justice, we fear that too many, not yet implicated, members of Congress, dread an exposure by Oakes Ames, who threatens, after the Tweed fashion, "If," he says, "they take my scalp, there will be a good many bald heads in the House." The reference of the evidence to the Judiciary Committee for its report, as we regard the matter, since Congress has only one week to live, is an indefinite postponement of the whole subject. We can only pray, for the honor of the nation, that we may find ourselves deceived.

BROOKS AND COLFAX.

ABSURD and partial as is the Poland Report, among its other wickednesses it makes a discrimination against Mr. Brooks because he was "a Government Director," debarred by law from being a stockholder; and that "while appointed to guard the public interests in the Road, he joined with the promoters of a scheme whereby the Government was defrauded, and shared in the spoils."

Very well. Now, in what respect are we to regard members of Congress, generally, if not as men "appointed to guard the public," and so debarred by law and oath from being interested not only in the Union Pacific Road, but in every public concern wherein the Government can, by any possibility, be "defrauded"? It might be well for a technical criminal lawyer, in defense of a murderer or robber, to interpose the distinction which the Poland Committee here endeavors to make—which is, that the indictment must be proven as charged in its counts—*allegata et probata*. But is this the height on which Congress should stand, when called on to vindicate its purity, and

to make an example before the world, by stern dealing with the guilty of its own members, whose offense has been falsehood, betrayal of the constituent trust, and even perjury? Is this the kind of thing to do when the establishment is demanded of a precedent, that shall be an eternal warning against such wholesale corruption, which has reduced the Government to the level of Tweed's Ring in its worst days? In a great national case like this, which has attracted the attention of the whole nation, and, indeed, of the civilized world, is a grave Investigating Committee to expect us to believe in the justice of its verdict, when it tells us that because A is more guilty, therefore B is not guilty at all? or, that inasmuch as the indictment charges a gunshot-wound, the defendant must go quit because the deceased was killed with a dirk?

No. This mean discrimination against Mr. Brooks is only based on a party foundation. And in this shameful affair the people have gone beyond party.

Why did not this Committee recommend the impeachment of the Vice-President? Have the Representatives of the nation neither courage nor shame? Convicted in his every statement—from his first speech in South Bend down to his last oath, of the scabbiest falsehood—Mr. Colfax presents the worst feature in this chapter of representative treason and perjury. The only remedy against him in the power of the Committee was the suggestion of impeachment. Why was not this suggestion made by the upright Judicial Committee, who so emphatically denounce and hold up Mr. Brooks as a scapegoat?

Of course, the pettifoggers in both Houses (unless we much mistake) will debate and procrastinate this Crédit Mobilier business until it shall be too late for action by them. But the people must be lost indeed if they fail to deal very decidedly with the culprits; and with this Committee, as the most degraded among the shameless!

On the general subject of Members of Congress holding Government stocks in railroads, and the like, we desire to say one word. It has been asked, Shall not a Member of Congress have the right to invest in such stock as well as a private citizen? To which we answer, Yes; exactly the same right, and none other. The private citizen pays the public servant to guard the public interest. He does not invite his representative to take an inside seat with a close corporation who are preying on the public, wherefrom he may see the germ of Job machinery, watch its progress, pull its wires, help it mature, take all the advantages thus derived, as it goes on, step by step, not to use such knowledge to protect the taxpayer, or, in other words, the public, but to use his opportunity to the disadvantage and spoil of the public, for the benefit of his own pocket, and those of the members of some close corporation. As well ask if a commission appointed to settle claims under a treaty, for example, have equal right to purchase the claims which may come before them for adjudication, as a private man would have to invest in the same.

THE LOUISIANA CASE.

COMMENDABLE is the Report of the Senate Committee of Privileges and Elections on the Louisiana case. The Committee are unanimous in the opinion that the returns of an election cannot be canvassed and the result declared without having the returns before them—that the Lynch (Kellogg) Board did not have the returns, and hence could not give valid certificates of election. They find, on the other hand, that the Wharton (Warmoth) Board, having been restrained by Judge Durell from canvassing the returns which were in their possession, two understrappers, named Woodward and Braydon, looked over the returns, and furnished Governor Warmoth a statement that eight persons named had received a majority of the votes for Presidential Electors; and that the Governor thereupon issued them certificates of election. It appears, therefore, that the returns have never yet been canvassed, and consequently neither set of Presidential Electors are entitled to cast the vote of the State. The Committee express the opinion that neither the Senate nor the two Houses of Congress jointly have the right to canvass the returns of an election in order to determine who was fairly elected, that being a duty or right expressly appertaining to the State. The report is confined to the question of Presidential Electors. The question whether there is a legal State Government in Louisiana is reserved for further examination.

The Committee recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That there is no State Government at present existing in the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That neither John Ray nor W. L. McMillan is entitled to a seat in the Senate, neither having been elected by the Legislature of the State of Louisiana.

The rest is summed up in the fact that Mr. Morton from the same Committee, reports (minority report) in favor of the Kellogg or Pinchback Government. Mr. Trumbull reports in favor of recognizing the McEnery or Warmoth

Government. Mr. Hill dissented from the majority report, and recommends that all the members on both sides of the Louisiana State Legislature recognized by both factions as legally elected shall assemble and declare which of the two State Governments is legally elected. The simplest and only legal way for the Senate to get out of this Louisiana difficulty is to let the belligerents fight it out among themselves.

AN OUTRAGE.

THE Davenport leaven is tainting in a new spot. That official invaded our houses and insulted private citizens, including females, with his arrogant assumptions of what may be called political Inquisitorial authority. It is well remembered that such a refusal to submit to said Davenport were summarily arrested. The plea that a man's "house is his castle" availed nothing.

The daily papers of February 20th publish a revolting form of this invasion of private rights. The body of one Mary Ann McCarty, who was found dead at her father's residence, 12 North Oxford Street, Brooklyn, was ordered by the Coroner to be taken to the Morgue for a post-mortem examination. When the undertaker applied for it, the father of the deceased refused to allow it to be removed. But the police authorities aided the Coroner. The body was taken to the Morgue. The protesting father was arrested and locked up for the offense of "Resisting the Coroner."

We confess, as this case stands, that we are tempted to the use of language more intemperate than befits this place. We cannot remember an outrage of authority more scandalous than this appears to be. The invasion of a poor father's house—the forcible removal of his dead child to the public Morgue for the purpose of dissection, against his protest, is an exertion of power that demands prompt investigation. The chambers of poverty are even more sacred in the eye of the law, more entitled to protection, than are those of the rich; for, what power shall help the poor but their labor and the law? On the contrary, the rich have the omnipotent aid of money; and a train of kindly, or affectively kind, sympathies, follow them as servants. Into what rich man's house would these officers of the law have dared thus to enter?

Possibly this outrage may be explained, but no cause for it is published—no pretense that the father was implicated in a crime. Nothing appears except the naked fact that these men desired to make fees out of the corpse! The Morgue, as we understand it, is designed as a depository of the unknown dead, where they are exposed for the benevolent object of identification. This body was fully identified. And if a post-mortem examination was essential to the execution of the law in such circumstances (and why in this more than in any other case of sudden death in a private house?), that examination could have been as well made under the father's roof as elsewhere.

There is enough disorder, Heaven knows, in our society—enough crime of all sorts—enough vice, ignorance poverty, wretchedness. Let us not add to the catalogue a Public Insensibility, which can calmly overlook an incident like this.

LIBERAL REPUBLICANS.

IN one sense the Liberal Republican Party is organized by recent events. For, all it exclaimed against as bad in the Administration is now seen to be true, and all the reforms which it begged for are now admitted to be vital. Since 1872 it has been the real, reserved power of the country.

We observe with pleasure that Connecticut is beginning the work of practical organization. The Democratic State Convention, which was held at Hartford on February 19th, was presided over by General Dwight Morris, a Liberal Republican, and Liberal Republicans from all parts of the State took part in their deliberations. This wing of the Opposition to the Administration is represented by the candidates for Lieutenant-Governor and Treasurer.

Among the Resolutions of the assembly we specially second that which calls for a Constitutional Convention.

THE RAILROAD STRUGGLE IN NEW JERSEY.

RAILROAD Legislation in New Jersey has become a matter of national interest. We do not care to afford space for details of a contest with which the Daily Press has made the public familiar. But one fact has grown out of the struggle, which we regard as most important, and on which we congratulate the whole country most heartily.

A Bill has been reported to the New Jersey Assembly, and is under consideration by the Judiciary Committee, known as the "Free Railroad Act," which is simply a general law regulating the business of railroad-building in the State. By its provisions any one, after making a certain deposit, and proving his

ability to carry out his plans, may construct a road. The Bill will, no doubt, pass the Lower House, and, as we think, the Legislature.

But, whether it passes now or not, being right in itself, it is the pioneer of the needed reform which is destined to crush out Favoritism and Special Legislation in the great business of railroad-building. As the case stands now in New Jersey, as well as elsewhere, corporations chartered by the Legislature of one State make their almost resistless combinations, and wage war with another entire State, defiant of its protests and its Courts.

AS ALL our important news, in which the country is interested, has been for the past week political, we make no apology for the editorial space devoted to the Crédit Mobilier excitement. All our exchanges, whether neutral, independent or party, come burdened with the expression of sentiment on this subject. Nothing, evidently, since the war, has taken so strong a hold, as have the facts developed in this matter, on the public mind.

It seems now to be settled that the Judiciary Committee of the House will report that they have no jurisdiction in the Mobilier premises, precisely fulfilling our prediction, made three weeks ago, when we assumed that such would be the back-door trot.

The Parliamentary power of the House is inherent: which is the power to rid itself of disreputable people, who may be members.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NEW SERIES—No. XV.

THE COLLAPSE OF CANT.

"The temple is a good, a holy place;
But quacking only gives it an ill savor,
When saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
And bring Religion's self into disfavor."
—Hood's Ode to Rae Wilson.

WILL the World ever learn the old lesson, that the Pharisee is a knave? Since Time first made a mark in print, up to this hour, Poets, Satirists, Dramatists, Essayists have cautioned mankind against those "white-teethed, white-blooded scoundrels," who "steal the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in." These pungent words of Shakespeare are but reflections of those of Our Saviour, who warned men against these "whited sepulchres;" and so, in the same vein, these cream-faced creatures have been followed down the stream of human life, with flaming pen and pencil, in song, in the drama, in opera-bouffe, in novels. And of such are the *Mavornisms*, the *Aminadab Sleeks*, and the *Pecksniffs* of this our day. These professional canting, psalm-twangling hypocrites are counterfeits on the Bank of Christianity. They are the very sneak-thieves of the Church—just such fellows as Mr. Weller, Senior (to use the Dickens phrase) "booted" out of his humble tavern, in the person of The Shepherd, who overcame Mr. Weller's patience, because that Reverend Shepherd, at one and the same time, made an onslaught on Mrs. Weller's virtue and on Mr. Weller's brandy-bottle.

I hope that the noble, strong Northwest (where these scamps most thrive) will now, in the light of such examples as Colfax and Pomeroy, rise far above Church influences in the selection of their public men. If to eminent ability and a blameless life Christianity may, indeed, be added to the accomplishments of men who ask for public confidence, then the indorsement of the Church is a seal which stamps a trustworthy character. But out on your Sunday-school, Christian Association, Temperance Stumpers, who go into politics with no higher sanction than that which they thus swindle, by the quackery of cant, out of confiding dupes! I beg that the Church, in all its branches, will consider sensibly the deep disgrace that Pomeroy, Harlan, Garfield and Colfax have brought upon Christianity.

These white-cravated monuments of godliness, these brazen images, these things with fronts of brass and feet of clay; these small creatures, who hobnob with and feed on the earnings of women and play with nursery children, while men are doing the progressive and brave work of life; these meanest of all sheltered in-door rogues, who with one hand put a penny in the urn of charity, and with the other, "take a shilling out"—these little men, who play in little costume, in little parts, on a little stage, and who, like Mr. Colfax, steal a little money, tell a little lie, and then drop the little curtain over a little life filled up with little shams—have we not had enough of them, at least for a century to come? As representative men, they have been cats guarding cream-pots.

Let the Church shake off all parasites like these. Why defend them? Why encourage others by their defense to follow their groveling example? Why make common cause with them under the delusion that through them the Church is assailed? Are the current notes of a good bank injured—or protected—when a counterfeit on it is nailed to the counter? As honest, experienced, high-toned men esteem harlots and pickpockets far above these simpering, velvet-tongued, felt-shod, slippery villains.

And let me hope that Political Conventions will cease to make the Church play so dangerous a part in politics. Forbear, I beg you, to nominate the known or suspected hypocrite, "because he is a member of the Church," and

"can carry Methodist or other Church votes." It is a very common thing to hear about "Church influence" from the whisky perfumed mouths of flinty-cheeked primary rogues—"Church influence" to gamble on in politics! I well remember a perfect *Dogberry* who was elected a Western Circuit Judge, in the old time, only because he married the widow of a "Brother," who had left ten children. And so a blockhead—a pure blockhead—was fastened on a judicial circuit, and kept there, by the "Grace of God." We must be wiser and better as a nation if we hope to escape the damnation which for ever finally consumes corrupted civilizations.

Of all shapes in which the Satan comes, old Milton thought that to be the most formidable wherein he robes himself in fashionable, full dress suit de rigueur, swallow-tailed and gloved, patent leather booted, oiled and perfumed, carrying a Bible in one hand and a Prayer-book in the other. But in the great Northwest, and, indeed, in most of our rural districts, there is another description of Devil Politician, who seduces the religious mind of the masses, as the Profligate ruins the virtue of his victim. Of such are the pious Harlans, the verdant Caldwells, the contemptible Colfaxes. And out of these pliant imbeciles and parasites it comes to be the fact that *Kings*, and not the *People*, rule the country. The corporations which clear millions by jobs can well afford to invest thousands in Senators and members of the lower House.

And now—as the climax of all modern cant—let me ask attention to the subjoined disgusting hypocrisy, which appears in Mr. Poland's Whitewashing Report of the Crédit Mobilier convicts. I do not remember, in all the records of pettifoggery, a more sickening sermon from the mouth of any representative of the Beezebub than is this sermon in the mouths of these men while in the act of whitewashing their guilty favorites and pets, and in the meaner and wicked act of making Brooks and Ames, who are no guiltier than the rest, the scapegoats:

(From Mr. Poland's Report.)

"But there is a broader view still which, we think, ought to be taken. This country is fast becoming filled with gigantic corporations, wielding and controlling immense aggregations of money, and thereby commanding great influence and power. It is notorious in many State Legislatures that those influences are often controlling; so that in effect they become the ruling power of the State. Within a few years Congress has, to some extent, been brought within similar influences, and the knowledge of the public on the subject has brought great discredit upon that body. Far more was believed than there were facts to justify. But such is the tendency of the time, and the belief is far too general, that all men can be ruled with money, and that the use of such means to carry public measures are legitimate and proper. No member of Congress ought to place himself in circumstances of suspicion so that any discredit to the body shall arise on his account. It is of the highest importance that the National Legislature should be free of all taint of corruption, and it is of equal necessity that the people should feel confident that it is so. In a free government like ours we cannot expect the people will long respect the laws if they lose respect for the law-makers. For these reasons we think it behooves every man in Congress or in any public position to hold himself aloof as far as possible from all such influences, that he may not only be enabled to look at every public question with an eye only to the public good, but that his conduct and motives be not suspected or questioned."

JUNIUS.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

WASHINGTON.—Congress has now only a few days to live, and of course it must leave much of its planned work behind it. Of the more prominent measures which have occupied its time, only two have become laws. The abolition of the Franking Privilege stands out prominently. There have been no changes in the Tariff. There has been some reduction in the force of Internal Revenue employés, but nothing has been done to strengthen the reformation of the Civil Service. Legislation affecting Amnesty has been postponed for the present, and enforcement bills have received a wholesome check from the Louisiana trouble. Nothing has been accomplished toward a reorganization of the Custom Service; and only a few desirable changes have been made in the Indian Service. The Fisheries Clause of the Washington Treaty remains without the necessary legislation to carry it into effect, though General Grant hopes to accomplish this. We have escaped an avalanche of steamship subsidies and railroad jobs. The Postal Telegraph scheme and the French Spoilation Bill are hung up for this session. This session will be memorable for the four great investigations, (1) The Crédit Mobilier, (2) The Louisiana Contested Elections, (3) The Caldwell Case, (4) The Pomeroy Bribery. The House passed the Bill of the East India and American Cable Company to lay a submarine wire from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands, thence to Yokohama, and thence to China, thus completing the telegraphic circuit of the globe. This measure was originated by Captain Celo Cesar Mareno. The Committee on Privileges and Elections of the Senate has promptly reported in favor of Sherman's resolution to rescind the twenty-second joint rule of Congress governing the electoral count. The injustice of the rule is such that it is sure to be repealed as soon as a vote can be reached. A memorial from Utah from members of the Bar, merchants, bankers, and miners in Salt Lake City, prays Congress to treat with indifference a petition from certain members of the Bar, heretofore transmitted to Congress in relation to Utah Territory. The memorialists deny the allegations in the document to which they allude, and suggest, as a fair method of solving existing difficulties, that a commission be appointed to proceed to the Territory and make due investigation of the matter in controversy. The delegate from Utah says the Buchanan Administration got up a war there that cost \$20,000,000, and then sent out a commission afterward. He thinks it best to send the commission first. A delegation of prominent colored men, representing in part the Cuban Anti-Slavery Society of New York, waited on President Grant, and presented a petition, numerous signed, praying that the Government accord belligerent rights to Cuba. The President said that certain correspondence had been going on between the Spanish Government and that of the United States, which cannot be made public until called for by Congress.

He appreciated their feelings of sympathy with their brethren in Cuba, and would do all he could, consistent with his views of public duty, toward furthering their wishes. Mr. Colfax is admitted to be in a dreadful fix with his four one thousand dollar Nesbitt greenbacks. They plunge him from the rack of the Mobilier on to the wheel of torture, as it is generally believed that Mr. Nesbitt sent him this money to help Mr. N.'s stationery legislation, in the shape of old contracts which Mr. N. had with the Government! Those who knew George F. Nesbitt in his lifetime might wonder why he showed such unwonted liberality to "an almost total stranger," if it were not for the fact that in June, 1868, Congress increased the appropriation for postage-stamps and stamped envelopes from \$275,000 to \$450,000. As Mr. Nesbitt's firm were the contractors for printing one or both of these articles, a flood of light is let in upon his motives. In Caldwell's case the Committee say guilty, but recommend to mercy. They "resolve" that Alexander was not legally elected. It is declared that a resolution to censure Ames and Brooks, combined with the rest, cannot be carried. If this prove to be the result, then the House will be brought to a direct vote on the two resolutions for expulsion, and it is not, it is believed, a matter of much doubt, if no other alternative is then presented, that the required two-thirds can be obtained. If the question were differently submitted, there might be a different result. But the first direct issue will be on the resolution to expel Mr. Ames. Should any considerable negative vote be rallied then, he will be saved, and his salvation will, of course, be that of Mr. Brooks. If, however, the protest from the country continues to come in, as it has done, against the report, the House may find itself fully justified in voting largely against making scapegoats of Messrs. Brooks and Ames; but the parliamentarians who have looked into the question as it stands, say that the result, if the vote was taken now, would be expulsion. The public temper of the House and country may tear the parliamentary rules into shreds. It is thought that Senator Caldwell will not be ousted. General Grant opposes an extra session of Congress; at any rate, he says that he will not convene one before June next, in any event.

THE General Term of the Supreme Court of New York have affirmed the constitutionality of the new Jury Law.

THE Senate of the United States now holds seven members proven to have been involved in corrupt practices. On the 4th of March next five Senators will take their seats who ought to be expelled. Allison, of Iowa, as a member of the House, is shown to be deep in Crédit Mobilier. Patterson, of South Carolina, is charged with bribing his way to his place. Jones of Nevada, ditto. Pinchback, of Louisiana, was sent up by a bogus Legislature. Dockray, of Florida, is charged with having obtained his seat by corrupt practices. Add to these Caldwell, Clayton, Harlan, Windom, Hitchcock, Carpenter and Cameron, all of whom have purchased their seats!

FOREIGN.—Spain.—Dates from Madrid, February 18th, 1873, say that the Government will offer amnesty to the Carlists now in insurrection in the northern Provinces if they will, within two weeks, lay down their arms and submit to the authority of the Government. If the insurgents refuse to accept the offer, they will be energetically pursued, and decisive measures will be adopted by the Government for the suppression of the insurrection. The Spanish journals express surprise that Don Carlos is suffered by the French authorities to remain so near the Spanish frontier. A number of amnestied prisoners who had been exiled as political offenders under the Royalty, have been welcomed home to Madrid.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VOX BULOW will shortly give a series of concerts in England.

MME. NILSSON-ROUZEAUD will sing for the first time in Brussels on the 15th of April.

MR. BELLEW's recent reading of "Hamlet," at Steinway Hall, was successful in every relation.

MR. and MRS. BOUCICAULT are under an engagement with Mr. B. F. Lowell to play the first two weeks in March in the leading cities of New England, beginning at Providence.

Mlle. ALBANI is studying the part of the *Ophelia* in M. Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet," under the direction of the composer, with a view to singing it in London during the approaching season.

THE entertainment in Booth's Theatre for the benefit of the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund was a splendid affair, and comprised a varied programme, including acting, ventriloquism and wax-works.

VERDI's "Don Carlos" is to be revived at the Paris Grand Opera. It was withdrawn during the Empire through the influence of the Empress, whose Catholic zeal was offended at the *auto-da-fé* business.

It seems settled that neither Patti nor Wachtel will come to this country next season. Faure may come, but probably will not agree to sing here on anything like fair terms. The rival *prima donna* then will be Nilsson and Lucca, and possibly Campanini will be the tenor of the Strakosch company.

THE Musical Gazette of Milan publishes a curious article on the canon considered as an instrument of music, from which it appears that the first to originate the idea was on Giuseppe Sark, an Italian, who composed a Te Deum at St. Petersburg in 1788, to celebrate the capture of Fort Otzark by Potemkin.

BALFE, the composer, left a manuscript opera called "The Knights of the Leopard," based on Sir Walter Scott's romance. Madame Nilsson-Rouzeaud having expressed her readiness to play the principal part, the Queen of Richard Cœur de Lion, it is proposed, if time should permit, to produce an Italian adaptation at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, during the forthcoming season.

THE English claim to be the inventors of public concerts, in proof of which the following is cited from the London Gazette of December 30th, 1672: "These are to give notice that at Mr. John Bannister's house, now called the Music School, over against the George Tavern, in White Friars, this present Monday, will be music performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at four of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future, precisely at the same hour."

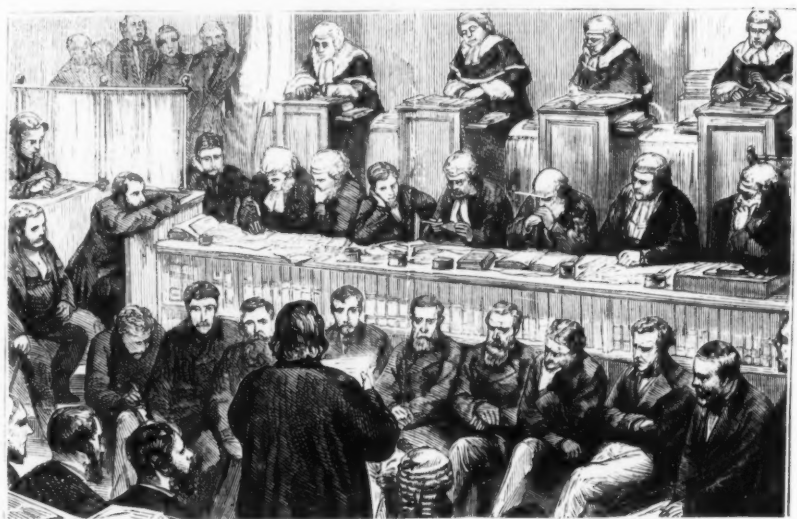
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 415.



ENGLAND.—INTERIOR OF A STRIKER'S COTTAGE IN SOUTH WALES.



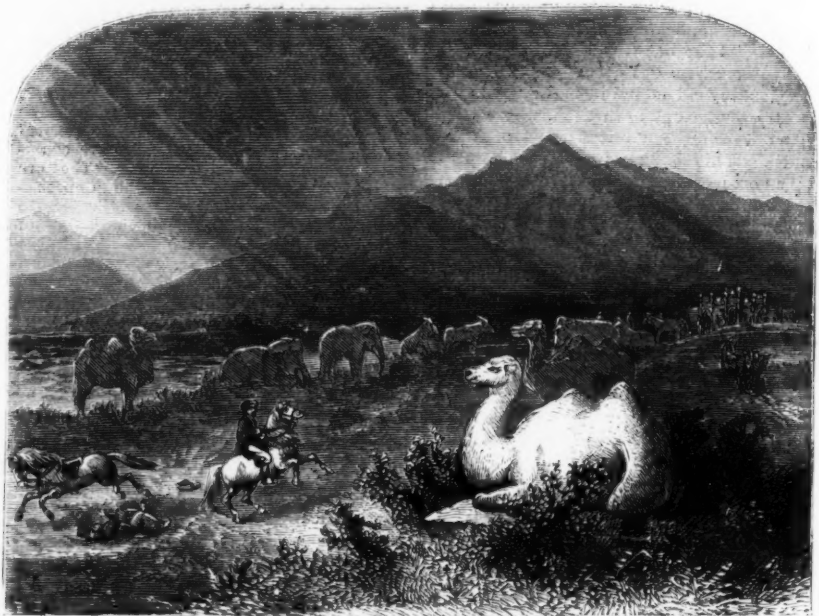
ENGLAND.—A SCENE AT A CHARITY ELECTION AT THE LONDON TAVERN.



ENGLAND.—CONTEMPT OF COURT—THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT AND MR. SHIPWORTH IN THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.



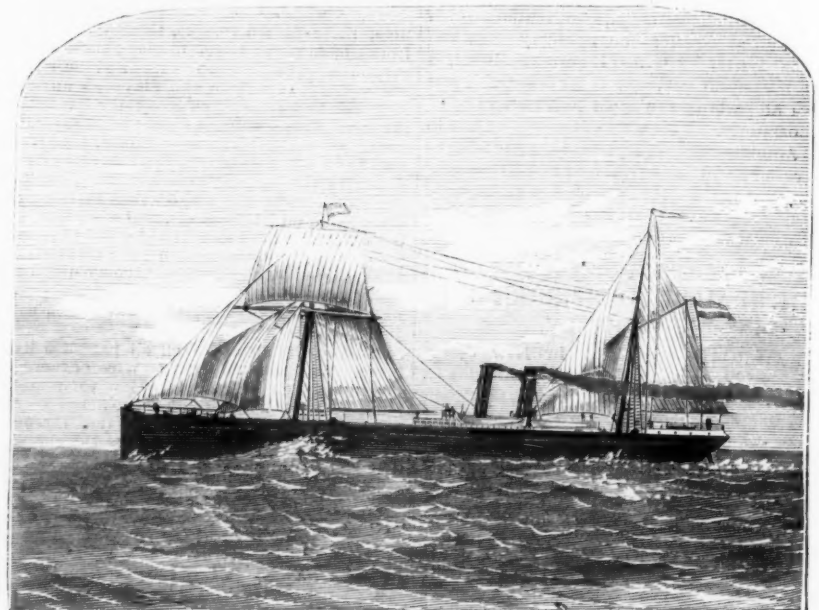
FRANCE.—PUBLISHING JOURNALS IN PARIS WITH THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF AMADEUS'S ABDICATION.



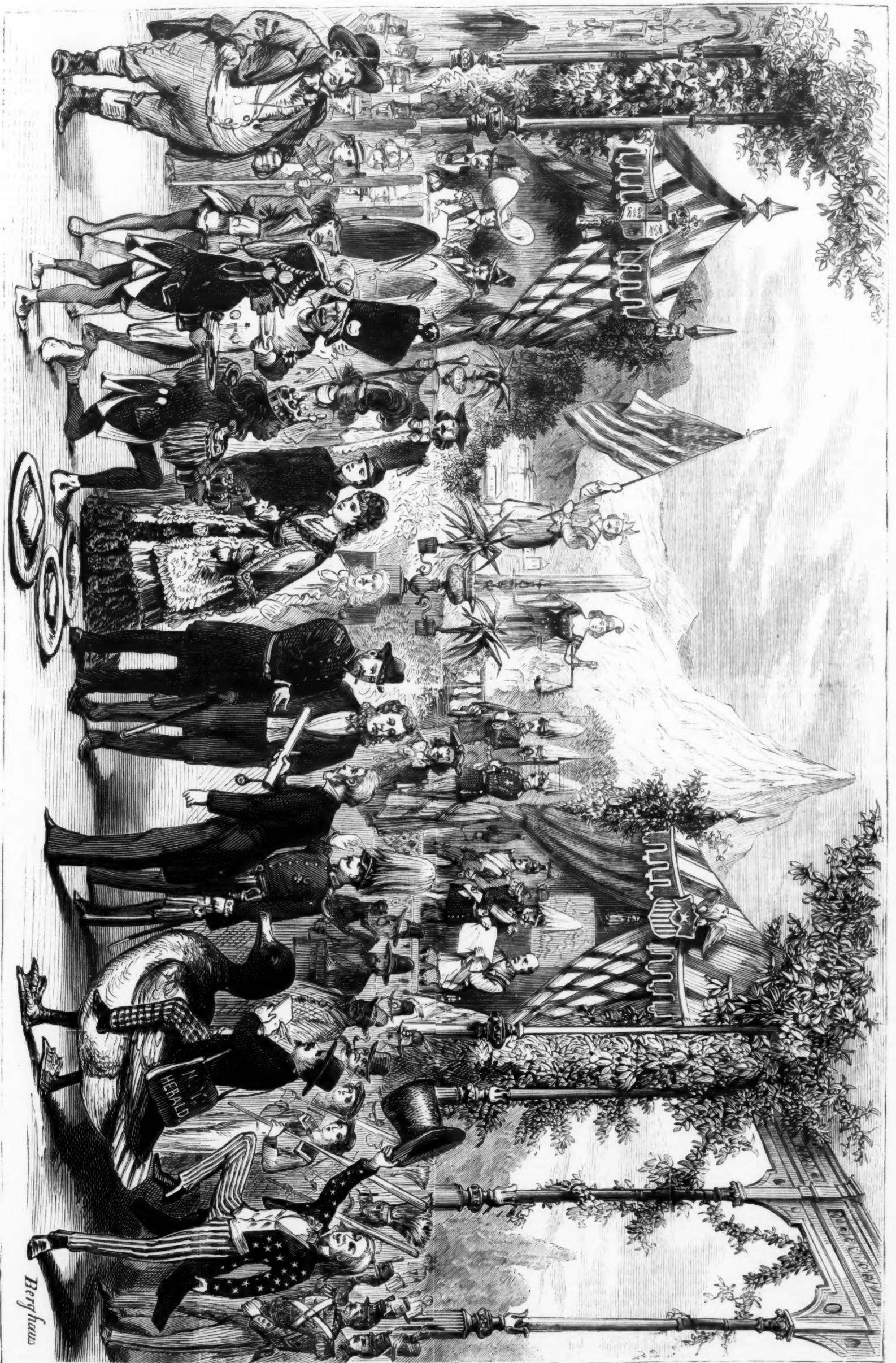
CHINA.—ENTRANCE TO THE IMPERIAL TOMBS NEAR PEKIN.



ENGLAND.—BEACHMEN ON THE LOOKOUT NEAR DUNGENESS, WHERE THE "NORTHFLEET" WAS SUNK.



SPAIN.—THE SPANISH STEAMER "MURILLO."



NEW YORK CITY.—THE MASQUERADE BALL OF THE GERMAN LIEDERERANZ SOCIETY AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
DRAWN BY A. BERGMAN.—SEE PAGE 421.

"TEE WEET."

I HEARD the lonely piping of a bird,
When the cold rain, like grief, hung on his wing;
And all the depths within my soul were stirred
While listening to the poor, dejected thing.
As he sat in the melancholy sleet,
Wailing in trembling tones, "Tee weet, tee weet."
All night he lay out in the frozen moon,
Upon a barren branch against the skies;
Mocked by a thousand gleams of leafy June,
The moment that he closed his weary eyes;
And ever gathering up his chilly feet,
While whispering dreamily, "Tee weet, tee weet."
At sunrise, when aroused from his unrest,
He shook his plumes and tried a happier note;
But the faint music died within his breast,
Before that he could pour it from his throat;
And dreading he only could repeat
The same forlorn refrain, "Tee weet, tee weet."

Alas! he had begun too soon to rove;
And vainly now the folly he deplores,
That lured him from the fragrant orange grove,
To meet the tardy Spring upon our shores,
And left him in that desolate retreat,
Piping from morn till night, "Tee weet, tee weet."
NEW YORK, 1873.

"WRECKED!"

OR,

THE ROSCLERRAS OF MISTREE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—TOO LATE!

ROSETTA, on perceiving that Mrs. Bellerose had fainted, immediately proceeded to rouse Madame Bouchon and Fanchon, and, glad to escape from the apartment, ran herself to rouse the physician, who was not long in obeying the summons to the bedside of the patient. Instead of following him thither, Rosetta, not daring to return to her room to procure herself a cloak, ran swiftly down the wide stairs, and was standing in the hall wondering how she should procure egress from the chateau, as the doors were locked for the night, when a nervous grasp descended on her arm, and she found herself confronted by the notary.

Her first impulse was one of anger at the familiarity, and with a flush of indignation she endeavored to withdraw from his grasp. In doing so her glance fell on his face, and something in its expression sent a thrill of undeniable terror through her; and, remaining passive in his clutch, she stared at him with trembling lips and alarmed eyes. At this instant the hall-clock struck the quarter past midnight, and the thought that perhaps she would be late for what she had in hand nerved her with sudden courage.

"Let me go, monsieur!" she ejaculated. "I am in a hurry to procure something for monsieur the physician."

This speech was accompanied by a renewed attempt to free herself from the notary, who as decidedly negatived the movement. Rosetta's eyes flashed fire—the great fault of her generous temperament was a fiery resentment of the least apparent insult; and the expression of the little green eyes of Bouchon was perfectly intolerable to the proud girl. She turned white with anger, and, pointing toward the leather chair in which the portier was sleeping placidly, she said:

"If you don't release me, I shall call for assistance!"

"My little angel," said the notary, blandly, "handsome as you are, I will instantly do so, if you will have the great kindness to restore to me the emeralds of Mrs. Bellerose, which you purloined from her jewel-case some half-hour since. You have them at this moment concealed in the bosom of that charming robe, which is eminently becoming to your brunette style. Come, my love, give me the jewels, and we will then talk quietly of what is to be done."

Rosetta uttered an ejaculation of terror, and placed her hand over the jewels, while she gazed with distended eyes into the countenance of the notary, while his grip remained firm on her arm. The impulse was strong upon her to tear herself frantically from his hold, and fly to the place of appointment, but in a second it flashed across her that such a course would instantly betray the mysterious secrets of her mistress, and, utterly unable to form any plan on the spur of the moment to escape from the notary, she stood with her hand pressed on her bosom, her lips parted, and a look of wildest terror in her large eyes.

In any case, she found herself in a terrible position; on one hand she saw herself accused of a daring robbery, on the other, forced to betray the trust reposed in her by Mrs. Bellerose. For an instant she was tempted to clear herself, let the result to Mrs. Bellerose be what it might; but her generous heart choked back the words, driven by terror to her trembling lips, and she opposed what seemed a sullen and defiant silence to the demand of the notary.

The rustling of a dress on the stairs attracted the attention of Bouchon; and, still holding Rosetta's arm, he drew her rapidly into the library, and, closing the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket. The room was only illumined by the moon pouring in a weird flood of golden light through the Munich glass of the lofty windows, and Rosetta's face looked indescribably ghastly as she put it toward the notary, who turned and faced her with a look of iron determination. The clock outside slowly pealed the half-hour; then, with a low cry, Rosetta rushed to the door, and, blindly, frantically tried to tear it open, watched curiously by the notary, who had the key in his possession, and so felt secure that she could not escape.

Finding her efforts useless, Rosetta paused, and, clasping her temples with her hands, seemed to think for a moment; then, suddenly turning to the notary, she said, in a voice of indescribable earnestness:

"Let me go; you do not know what you are doing by detaining me. I swear to you that I am innocent of the crime you charge me with."

Rosetta's knowledge of French was too limited to permit of her using it fluently, and the slow, impressive utterance, the steady light of her unflinching eyes, for an instant confounded the notary; but he could not discredit the evidence of his senses, and his answer came, short, clear and decisive:

"I do not believe you."

Rosetta started, and the rich blood blazed into her cheeks, but died away again.

"Oh!" she said, clasping her hands together, "how shall I make you believe me?"

"The endeavor would be fruitless, mademoiselle," said the notary, coldly. "I saw you place the jewels in your dress, not half an hour since. Give them to me without delay."

Rosetta folded her arms across her bosom, and looked with returning calmness at Bouchon.

"Listen to me," she said; "if you dare to detain me longer in this room, I will alarm the house with my shrieks. The disturbance will reach the ears of Mrs. Bellerose, and you will probably have her death to answer for. Do you understand what I mean?"

The notary gazed at the girl with the air of one who admires a splendid picture. An air of high resolution sat on her broad brow, and her damask cheeks, her blazing eyes, her erect bearing, served to render her strikingly beautiful even in the fantastic light pouring on her through the painted windows.

Her effrontery amazed the notary, while her threat of alarming the house was not without its terrors for him. He knew very well that madame's jealous wrath would be roused to a pitch he did not care to contemplate, if it transpired that he had endeavored to detain Rosetta in the library, and in the confusion the girl would have an opportunity of restoring the jewels to the casket, and then he would be placed in a truly unenviable position. He shrugged his shoulders, and began to perceive that woman's wit had a tolerable chance of proving the victor.

Rosetta's heart beat violently; time was flying; and there she stood a prisoner, when she ought to be speeding on her way to the fountain. Her eyes scanned the face of the notary in an agony of impatience, and with a gesture of command she stretched out her hand for the key.

"Come," said the notary, after a moment's consideration, "promise instantly to restore what you have stolen to its place, and I will give you the key; otherwise, you shall remain here until I acquaint the earl with the affair, and he shall deal with you as he thinks best. What do you say, my little one?"

Had they not been too deeply engaged to pay attention to external objects, they might have heard the subdued rustling of a dress on the polished oaken floor without, and the sound of suppressed breathing close to the door. As it was, neither noise was audible to them.

Rosetta could not force the required pledge from her lips, and, trembling with anger, fear, and strong excitement, she stood regarding the notary, who, on his part, stared at her, amazed that his offer should be rejected.

"I will give you no promise," she said. "Let me out, or I will bring the whole household here with my shrieks!"

An idea flashed into the mind of the notary, that he had to deal with a maniac. It was preposterous to suppose that any one in her senses, carrying the evidences of her guilt about her person, should behave as Rosetta was now doing; and his manner became soothing and complacent as, advancing toward her, he said, in a mild voice:

"Come, my little one; don't spoil your pretty face with such an obstinate frown. Let me see those handsome things; I am convinced that they would look charming on that lustrous hair."

Rosetta dashed her hand against the door. "Let me out," she said, passionately—"let me out this instant!"

"There, there, my child!" said the notary, "don't be violent. If you are, I shall summon the earl hither."

He was in the last stages of perplexity. Rosetta's eyes were blazing and her cheeks on fire; but the notary was obliged to admit that her face was that of an angry woman, not a mad one. He knew that any commotion reaching the ears of Mrs. Bellerose might be attended with the most fatal results, and Rosetta's wrath was more like that of a person unjustly accused than a thief detected in the act. The Gordian knot of his perplexity was, however, to be cut in a manner more unexpected than agreeable.

At this moment a choked and suffocated voice called on his name from the hall, and a decided rap came on the panels of the door. The notary started, and with an exclamation of joy, Rosetta cried out:

"Madame Bouchon! Madame Bouchon! I am locked in here, and your husband has the key!"

"Bouchon!" said the voice of the notary's wife in a low but terrible tone, "if you do not instantly open the door—"

"Two to one!" ejaculated the notary. Then an idea suddenly struck him; his keen little eyes sparkled. "I will give you one chance of restoring the jewels," he said, in a low voice to Rosetta; "if you do not, I shall send Madame Bouchon for assistance, and have you delivered into the hands of justice on a charge of robbery. Choose!"

Rosetta was fairly driven to desperation. She dashed her hands against the door, and then perceiving that she was completely at his mercy, she tore the jewels from their hiding-place and flung them in a glittering heap at his feet.

"Let me go now," she said, becoming in an instant perfectly calm and composed. "But you have done an injury the extent of which I know not. Hark!"

The clock in the hall suddenly pealed out one, and with a shiver Rosetta listened as the silvery echo faded into silence.

The notary had triumphed, but at some cost to himself, for, upon opening the door, on the threshold stood Madame Bouchon, speechless with rage. Her eyes flashed from Bouchon to Rosetta, and back again, and her usually rosy hue had given place to a dull and mottled pallor.

"Reptile!" she hissed into Rosetta's ear, as the girl passed her swiftly; but her wrath descended like a whirlwind on the luckless notary, and as Rosetta fled up the hall she heard his voice expostulating, and madame's rising above it in a bitter tide of recrimination.

Rosetta in her flight suddenly paused. She began to imagine that she ought not on any terms to have parted with the emeralds with which she had been intrusted, and on the impulse of the moment she turned back again into the hall. The portier, disturbed by the bitter tones of the enraged Madame Bouchon, was rousing himself from his slumber, and perceiving this, the notary took his wife by the arm, and with a smothered ejaculation of anger pushed her toward the stairs.

"Peace, Margaret!" he said, sharply. "Restrain such violent expression of your ridiculous jealousy."

Now, there is nothing that enrages a jealous woman so completely as openly to style her "jealous;" and, clasping her hands together wildly, with a shrill ejaculation of, "Perfidious monster!" madame instantly fell into violent hysterics.

Alarmed lest her cries should reach the invalid, the notary opened the arched door of the drawing-room, and half led, half dragged the limp form of the unfortunate madame into the apartment, with the ejaculation between his clinched teeth, "Oh, the deuce! what a Paradise this world would be, if it were not for its female population!" a remark distinctly heard and comprehended by his wife, despite her convulsive sobs and shrieks, and which lent fresh vigor to her demonstrations.

"Release me!" she shrieked; "I will instantly comply with your murderous wishes! Yes! at this instant I will seek the lake! I will drown myself instantaneously!"

She struggled to release herself, and her sobs and ejaculations became so violent, that the notary shut the heavy doors in order to keep the sounds from rousing the household.

Rosetta, during this scene, had been quite unobserved, standing as she did somewhat in shadow. Her eyes for the last few moments had been fixed on something lying within the still open door of the library, and as the notary closed the drawing-room door on his excited wife, with the speed of light she darted on the object, and her heart bounded with joy as she found herself again in possession of the emeralds, which the notary, in the excitement caused by the outburst of his wife's wrath, had forgotten to remove.

Hardly had he closed the door, however, than he remembered, and, dreading exactly what had occurred, he shook his fist frantically at madame in order to terrify her into silence, and rushed into the hall in time to see the last flutter of Rosetta's dress, as she fled with what he had incurred so much to obtain.

"Outwitted!" he exclaimed, pausing in dismay.

Immediately, however, he became philosophical, shrugged his lean shoulders, and grinned.

"The witty Black-eyes! Well, it cannot be remedied. But she's safe within the chateau; that's more comfort than philosophy!"

Was she indeed, Monsieur Bouchon?

In passing, Rosetta had cast a rapid glance at the clock, supported by two knights in bronze, and her heart bounded as she perceived that it was only ten minutes after one. She might yet be in time to keep the appointment. She felt tolerably confident that the notary would feel convinced that she intended instantly to restore the jewels, as no one would imagine that she could have the audacity to retain them in her possession, after what had occurred, and, seeking the kitchens of the chateau, she was not many minutes before she discovered a small door, barred, but not locked, from which she obtained egress to the grounds, leaving it simply closed against her return.

Her absence she did not anticipate would be of more than a few minutes' duration, hence she did not fear that any remarks would be excited by it. Despite her feverish haste, it was fully ten minutes more before she was fairly on her way to the fountain.

As the clock in the hall of the chateau struck one, the bell of the convent in a neighboring village slowly tolled the hour, and its faint mellow voice distinctly reached the ears of a tall form crouching in the shade of the belt of trees surrounding the broken fountain. So completely did the shadows conceal this person, that the outlines of the stooping figure were merged altogether into them, and it would have been quite impossible for any eye to have discovered that the darkness concealed any human creature. Nevertheless, the broad alley reaching from the chateau to the fountain was distinctly visible to the watcher, whose unwinking eyes were fixed and watchful as those of a lynx.

As the hour struck, the head was thrust forward in an attitude of even keener anxiety, and the eyes flamed in the darkness. The alley lay white and silent as a path seen in a dream, the white, impalpable mist curled in graceful wreaths, so thin that the stars shone with almost unimpaired lustre through them, yet still it lent a wild unreality to the midnight scene. The musical tinkle of the fountain came muffled and uncertain, and the dismal cry of a night-bird in the depths of the wood sounded unutterably weird and melancholy. The alley remained deserted, and as five, ten minutes passed, a strong excitement and agitation seemed to possess the crouching form. The soft, leathery ferns amid which she crouched rustled faintly as she moved, and as another five minutes passed, she crept from her concealment, and, erecting her towering form, gazed with a hideous grin toward the

chateau. The moonlight fell on her withered and saturnine face, and although it was partially shaded by the dark hood pulled forward over her brow, its expression was truly diabolical.

"So you've not sent to stay me," she muttered, looking darkly forward at the chateau lying mellow in the moonlight. "Well, be it so! It's a harder task, but a richer booty."

Without another word she plunged into the shadows, and, forcing her way through tangled underwood and high-reaching plumes of dewy ferns, she turned in the direction of the forester's lodge. Her heavy foot crushed the white violets until their perfume rose on the moist air, and the shadowy forms of deer bounding to the ponds and fountains to drink dashed across the patches of moonlight, wildly flinging up their graceful heads as they sniffed the presence of a human being in their sequestered haunts.

As she emerged into the spot occupied by the ruined lodge, she paused and looked keenly and piercingly about her. The solemn silence was all her own; and, convinced that she was unwatched, she approached an angle of the building against which grew a tangle of brambles and thickly clinging parasites, already beginning to wave the banners of Spring in the moonlight, and suddenly disappeared as though the earth had swallowed her up, leaving not a single trace by which her presence could be detected. A few morsels of lime and stone fell from the tottering wall beneath which she had disappeared, and rustled down amid the vine and brambles. Then the silence fell again, complete and unbroken.

It was nearly two o'clock when Rosetta opened the door of the invalid's apartment and came quietly in. Mrs. Bellerose was sleeping, the physician standing looking down at her with a grave and anxious expression, while Julie, pale and agitated, sat at her pillow, listening to her almost inaudible breathing. Fanchon stood looking at the sleeper from the foot of the bed, with tears twinkling in her beady eyes; but the cheerful Madame Bouchon was not present.

Rosetta advanced to the hearth, and bent over the fire, trembling a little, as though cold, but she fixed a penetrating and observant glance upon the countenances of the group round the bed. It was plain that, in the confusion caused by the fainting fit of Mrs. Bellerose, her absence had not been noticed, nor did her entrance appear to attract their attention.

Presently, however, Doctor de Grace, not quite satisfied with the attitude of the patient, was about to arrange the pillows differently, when Rosetta's quick hand intercepted him, and with a slight touch produced the desired change.

"That is right, my child," observed the physician, in a low tone and with a gratified air; "you possess the delicate perceptions necessary for a nurse. Eh! you must remain here, for she," indicating Fanchon with a contemptuous jerk of his fat thumb, "is an imbecile."

Rosetta courted, and moved gently back to her position beside the hearth.

She had repossessed herself of the key of the jewel-case.

(To be continued.)

THE MAMMOTH DERRICK.

IN order to expedite its great work, the Department of Docks possesses the most powerful derrick in the world. It can be seen any day, either traversing the North River or working at the docks. It was constructed expressly for the purpose of transporting the huge blocks of granite and artificial stone that are to form the river-wall. Its lifting and carrying power is estimated at 100 tons, and the float which carries the derrick is of rectangular form, 66 by 71 feet, and 13 feet in depth. It is stiffened by sixteen trusses, extending from the deck to the bottom, and running across from side to side.

The tower which is placed upon the float, and supports the derrick proper—viz.: the king-post and booms—is made of 12 balks of Georgia pine, 63 feet 3 inches in length, and 14 inches square; these balks or legs are stiffened from one end to the other by struts and braces; their lower ends are bolted into a heavy cast-iron circle, which, in its turn, is held down by numerous bolts which pass through the bottom of the float. At their upper extremity these legs are brought close together, and are inserted in a heavy cast-iron cap, to which they are bolted. The tower thus described accordingly forms a frustum of a cone 40 feet in diameter at the base, 52 feet in height and 12 in diameter at the top.

The front or hoisting-boom of the derrick consists of two wrought-iron box girders 22 inches deep by 9½ inches wide. These girders are made with the greatest care, the plates having been accurately planed, and all the rivet-holes drilled instead of punched. The girders are spaced 24 inches asunder, and are held securely parallel by appropriate braces of wrought-iron; and on the upper and inner edges of these girders a track or slide of polished brass is fastened by counter-screws; these tracks have a projector which extends a short distance downward; the carriage which carries the main hoisting-blocks slides on them. The carriage is composed of two plates of iron 3 of an inch thick, and spaced 10 inches asunder; its length is 8 feet, its depth 3 feet. The front or hoisting-boom is supported by 18 diagonal rods 2½ inches in diameter, of iron, which resist 75,000 pounds per square inch tensile strain. These rods converge near the top of the king-post, and are secured to it by three heavy forgings, which straddle the iron cap on the top of the post.

The king-post is of wrought iron, 40 inches outside diameter. It is hollow, and its shell is 1 of an inch thick. It revolves in a circular casting, swinging the boom completely around. All the machinery is placed on the float under

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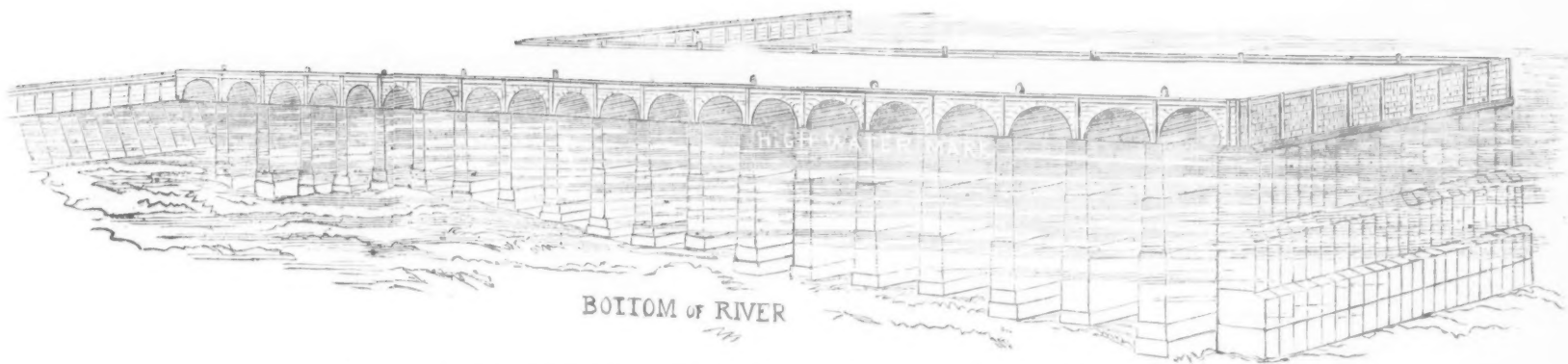


DIAGRAM OF THE PROPOSED NEW PIERS TO BE CONSTRUCTED ALONG THE RIVER-FRONT.

the tower, and the levers which operate it, and give the various movements, are brought together on a platform 35 feet above the deck of the float, so that the person operating them acts in full view of the load that is being handled.

The derrick was built under the supervision of Mr. Newton, Assistant Engineer of the Department. The Department has extensive work-yards at the foot of 17th Street, East River, and Gansevoort Street, North River, where the artificial stone is molded and the granite received and prepared for placement. The derrick can be towed with an 80-ton stone from either of these yards to the Battery, where the most important portion of the work is under way. In consequence of lack of funds, little has been done since Fall; but it is expected that in the Spring the construction will be urged with all practical haste. We have at different times given illustrations of the future appearance of the Battery, as well as the general improvements contemplated along the water-front.

The handsome landing at the Battery proper, of which we have also given a diagram, is nearly completed, and the greater part of the most recent labor has been expended on what will be known as Pier No. 1, North River. This diagram may be taken as a specimen of the proposed piers that are to follow the line of the wide streets running to the water. This improvement will be 80 feet wide and 500 long. It is designed to rest upon twenty granite and concrete columns, which may be seen in course of construction at the point. The granite surface will be protected by oak fenders. The plan includes the building of a breakwater to protect the masonry of the Government landing and the first pier. The work, as far as may now be estimated, is of the most substantial character, and will reflect much credit on the engineers' department, as it is the first instance of pier-construction of beton and granite.

ITALIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR MASTERS.

DAY after day New Yorkers meet and hear the street musicians with their violins, harps, triangles and flutes, in every thoroughfare and cross street. Their little wolfish eyes and baggard appearance speak volumes for their misery, and tell of hardship and want. They are as numerous as stray dogs, and as little understood by those they annoy with their discord and beggling. Still they are regularly organized, trained and managed by a few of the most rascally bandits that ever were driven from the Apennines or the neighborhood of Rome.

A few weeks ago, in Printing House Square, stood a girl seven years of age, crying piteously, and asking passers-by for assistance. It was ten o'clock at night, and the snow fell fast. She was barefooted, and wore a short dress, dirty and patched. A portion of a shawl was pinned about her neck, and her long hair was damp and draggled.

"What is the matter, sissy? Why don't you go home?" said I.

"I am afraid, sir."

"Afraid! Of what?"

"He'll lick me."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, sir, I dare not tell you. 'Won't you give me a few pennies?"

And as she held out her hand, I noticed her violin beneath her shawl.

"Have you had your supper?"

"No, sir; I've had nothing to eat to-day. I didn't bring in money enough yesterday, and he beat me, and wouldn't give me anything to eat."

"I will give you a good, warm supper, and you shall tell me all about yourself."

We went into a restaurant close by, and, ordering hot cakes and coffee, I watched her devour them eagerly.

"Where do you live?" said I, after she had eaten.

"At No. — Crosby Street. I belong to a wicked man who beats us, and starves us, and freezes us, when we don't bring in enough money."

"You are Italian, are you not?"

"Yes, sir—an Italian musician; and there are ten of us. He is Italian, too."

"Where were you born?"

"I don't know sir. I remember a place where there wasn't so many houses, where the men and women worked outdoors. One day a man came to father, and said something about giving me learnin' and good clothes. He promised to bring me here for a few years, and then take me back. Well, I don't know much more; but I was put in a large box with others, and rode, oh! so fast. Then we came to water, and we went on a ship for days; and then I came here, and was taken to Crosby

Street, and he began teaching me to play on the fiddle; and that's all, sir. Now, I must go; I've got to make thirty cents yet, or stay in the streets all night. Don't tell nobody, for he'll find it out sure."

"Have you no better clothes?"

"Oh! yes, sir; but he won't let me wear 'em 'cept on certain days. I've shoes, but he says ladies will pity us, and give us more money if we suffer."

"How long do you work?"

"We start about eight o'clock, and work until—well, sometimes nearly all night. When I get seventy-five cents, I can go home. If I don't, I run away, and sleep in a wagon or coal-box."

"Why are you afraid to go home without the full seventy-five cents?"

"Because he'll nearly kill me."

"What does he do?—what kind of punishment does he inflict?"

"Oh! a good many. Sometimes he switches us with straps over the shoulders after we are stripped; sometimes he knocks us down; sometimes he beats us on the feet with sticks."

"What is the worst he has done to you?"

"Well, I guess the worst was when he made me stand barefoot in a pail of freezing water for half an hour 'cause he thought I had priggled a quarter. But I must go—don't keep me. I shouldn't tell you this, but the coffee is so good. Do let me go."

With another appeal to our secrecy, we parted company.

A few days later we began a careful investigation of this fearful servitude. But undertaking to follow their eccentric wake, dodge their round corners, down alleys and into coal-bins, you must be shrewd and cautious, apparently indifferent to their movements; be patient and hopeful, when you look over their shoulders or see them suddenly slip from the range of vision; be persistent in your intentions for days and weeks and months, and you will find the task an unusually laborious one. The traffickers in white flesh are the most conscienceless taskmasters, and their subjects are so ruled by fear of brutal treatment that they make a determined study of eluding inquisitive philanthropists.

The masters are generally easy of access, and in their expressed humility they deprive Uriah Heep of more than half his distinguishing glory. They seem to be all kindness and civility, heartily love the wails under their lash, and suffer rather than hear a child hiss a single word of complaint.

The time-worn tenements in the vicinity of the Five Points were the earliest dens to which these children were taken. They were comparatively secluded, and few of the class of citizens likely to interest themselves in the practiced cruelties were willing to risk their lives in that once desperate section. Every circumstance favored the traffic. The youthful immigrants were taken there immediately after landing, and distributed by auction, like second-hand furniture, among the dealers. The business became lucrative, and was confined pretty generally to the boys.

With the extension of missionary enterprise a new reformatory element was introduced at the Points, and there were found noble men and women who dared make close inspections of the crime-festering rookeries. By this agency an approximate estimate was made of the extent of the slavery. Special interest was excited for this class of the poor. Though the masters carefully avoided an infraction of any of the city statutes, attempts were made to place the children under better treatment. This was found to be a very delicate step. The masters promptly exhibited regularly certified bonds of indenture, and successfully baffled the humane intentions.

They were secured in their proclaimed rights, but the annoyances of inquiry led to a change of location. Thus Crosby, Spring, Prince, Marion, Sullivan, Mulberry, and like streets, became settled, and the traffic waxed greater and more oppressive.

Our illustration furnishes a view of one of the everyday occurrences in the white-slave houses. The cruel masters beat their unfortunate children because they have not been able to bring back with them the coveted pennies.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Tichborne Claimant and Mr. Skipworth in the Court of Queen's Bench.

Wednesday, January 29th, being the day appointed for the attendance of Mr. Skipworth and the Claimant to answer for alleged contempt of court, the Court of Queen's Bench, Westminster, was from an early hour crowded with members of the Bar and the general public. The Claimant entered from the side door at a quarter to ten, followed by a gentleman closely resembling him in personal appearance, so that many people thought they were brothers. Dr. Attwood is, however, no relative of the Claimant, though he acted a brother's part, when, somewhat later, the question

of recognizances was discussed. The Claimant took his seat in the centre of the front row, directly under the Queen's Counsel, and by-and-by he was joined by a handsome-looking, elderly barrister in wig and gown. This was Mr. Skipworth. The proceedings against the Claimant and Mr. Skipworth originated thus. Recently Messrs. Onslow and Whalley were fined by the Court of Queen's Bench for contempt in certain observations at meetings held in December last, at one of which Mr. Skipworth was chairman. Having heard the sentence passed on those gentlemen, Mr. Skipworth at another meeting at Brighton impeached the course taken by the Court, and also argued that the Lord Chief-Justice was an unfit person to try the case; and order was made that both Mr. Skipworth and the Claimant should attend the Court to answer for these observations. The result was that Mr. Skipworth was fined £500, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment; while the Claimant was merely called upon to find security to be of good behavior for three months.

Interior of a Collier's Cottage in South Wales.

The strike in South Wales, on which we have already written considerably, created a great deal of misery and ill-feeling in the striking districts. Many of the poor people suffered for the common necessities of life. At best the operatives were not very well off. Our illustration affords another glimpse at their mode of living. It is the interior of a collier's cottage.

Scene at a Charity Election at the London Tavern.

The above notable house—a large building of sober brick—is chiefly known in connection with what may be literally termed "Feasts of Charity." Our illustration shows a number of ladies and gentlemen voting, to secure inmates for charitable institutions.

Sale of Journals in Paris.

One of the liveliest branches of street traffic in the French capital is the morning and evening circulation of the various printed sheets, by reading which the sociable and excitable Parisian supplies himself with something new to talk about, such as the abdication of Amadeus. The rush of the news-vendors to secure an early batch of all the most popular journals at the hour of publication is an amusing scramble for the indifferent bystander to see; men and women, boys and girls, running off as fast as they can get themselves loaded with damp bundles of newspapers, which they stop to arrange and assort when they have reached a convenient place for examination. By a system of mutual exchanges, which is easily practiced, they contrive to have a few copies of each journal in the stock finally made up for retail business. The official *Moniteur*, the grave and critical *Débat*, the reckless *Figaro*, the declamatory *Presse*, the democratic *Rappel*, *Clouche* and *Liberé*, are dispensed with equal promptitude to the buyers of such ware. A man with a few sous in his pocket may soon gather samples of all diversities of French political opinion.

Entrance to the Imperial Tombs at Peking.

This illustration shows one of the approaches to the famous tombs of the Ming Imperial dynasty, two days' journey north of Peking. It is a triple marble gate, hewn into posts, and morticed. The lintels are inserted as if they were only beams of wood, clearly indicating the origin of the style of architecture. This gate is in a very perfect condition, but the road and a bridge close by are in the usual state of such things in this part of the world. About half a mile beyond is another gateway. This one is constructed very differently from the other. It is like a solid house, roofed as all houses are here, and an arched passage forms the gateway. It has neither windows nor doors leading into its interior. Beyond another arch is a long approach, bordered on each side with sculptured animals. There are in all twenty animals and twelve human figures. Among the animals are camels, elephants, horses, and mules—four of each kind—two in a recumbent position, and two standing, one looking at the other across the road. The human figures are of warriors and priests, the same figure being repeated on each side. This stone population of man and beast extends for at least a good half-mile, ending with another triple gate. When you arrive at the end of the sculptured avenue just described, you are in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, some three or four miles wide. You can see in the distance what seem to be country houses surrounded by trees all round the base of the hills. These are the tombs called Shih-san Ling, or "thirteen tombs," which is their number. It would have been impossible to have visited the whole of them, and as they are all of the same type, we made for the principal one; and a slight description of it will do for them all. Their arrangement is very important as bearing on the old ideas of tomb construction, and particularly that of the burrow or tumulus graves. The graves all round Peking are simply small mounds of earth, which are to be seen in every direction, and the Imperial tombs of the Mings are also mounds, but large mounds.

Beachmen on the Lookout near Dungeness.

The loss of the *Northfleet*, which so much startled the English shipowners and general public, still continues to be the subject of special interest. Our illustration shows the Coastguardmen and other beachmen at Dungeness, who keep a constant lookout for dead bodies or portions of the wreck floating near the shore. The landscape shows the aspect of that narrow promontory on the Kentish coast.

The Spanish Steamer "Murillo."

The *Murillo*, which is believed to have run down the *Northfleet*, is a steamer of 300 tons, was built at Glasgow, Scotland, and is owned by the Spanish firm of Miguel, Saenz & Co. A curious circumstance about this vessel is that, on the present occasion, she had a cargo of railroad iron similar to that of the *Northfleet*, belonging to the same shippers. It is also worthy of note that both these ships were just then accidentally deprived of their regular commanders by the same cause, detention on account of lawsuits. The steamer is detained by the Cadiz authorities, and the master and crew are kept under arrest, while the inquiry is continued.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

PRINCE NAPOLEON is in Milan.

GENERAL TROCHU is allowed a pension of \$18,000.

FOUR THOUSAND miners have resumed work in Wales.

EDMUND YATES has resumed his Canadian lecturing tour.

MR. CARLYLE has appointed Mr. Froude his literary executor.

COUNT BERNSTORFF, the German Ambassador, is slightly better.

VERDI gives 200 francs toward a monument to Napoleon III. at Milan.

BRIGADIER GENERAL GRACERA has been appointed Military Governor of Madrid.

ESSAD PASHA, late Minister of War, has been appointed Grand Vizier of Turkey.

It is reported that the special court-martial for the trial of Bazaine will sit in Blois.

GREAT preparations are making for the coronation and accession of the Emperor of China.

THE frigate *Pibiscile*, which is to convey the ex-King Amadeus and family to Italy, has arrived at Lisbon.

THE Sultan of Lahej, who supplies Aden with provisions, has placed himself and his dominions under British protection.

THE French journals announce the death at Versailles of M. Goshler, private secretary of M. Thiers during thirty years.

A CAFÉ at Smyrna, located on the shore, suddenly sunk and was swallowed up by the waves, causing the death of 200 persons.

MR. JOHN SAVILE LUMLEY, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Brussels, will shortly be made a Companion of the Bath.

COLONEL BELFIELD, C.R.E., of the Northern district, has been instructed by the War Office to report on the best means of defense for the Mersey.

THE question of sending diplomatic representatives to the South American Republics is under consideration by the Government of Spain.

FATHER PRESTON, of St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church, has been appointed to the vacant Vicar-Generalship of the diocese of New York.

THE streets of Yokohama are to be lighted with gas. The residents have consented to be taxed that the necessary funds may be raised for the purpose.

THE students of Barcelona, Spain, demand liberty of instruction, the abolition of fees, and the removal of the troops from the new University buildings.

THE Grand Vizier of Persia has begun the introduction of Western manners into Eastern society, by giving a series of entertainments to the diplomatic corps and the nobility.

THE Swiss authorities have sent to the French frontier under escort the Rev. Mr. Mermillod, for insisting upon exercising his clerical functions despite their prohibition.

THE Midland Railway Company in England has made a contract with the Pullman Car company to supply that road with the American style of drawing-room and sleeping-coaches.

MR. STEPHEN PRESTON, for some time Hay-tien Resident Minister at Washington, has been raised to the dignity of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary by his Government.

SPECIAL military preparations have been made at St. Petersburg to receive the Emperor of Germany. There will be a review of the Guard, and several exclusively military banquets.

FATHER TOM BURKE, the eloquent Dominican, returned to Ireland by the *City of Paris*. He will proceed to Rome without delay. He was accompanied by Very Rev. M. D. Lilly, O. P.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has been defeated, with costs, in his action against ex-Minister Lefranc for expelling him from France. The French Government is vigorously enforcing the law against intoxication.

PRINCE YOUSSEUF IZZEDIN will shortly be proclaimed heir to the throne of Turkey, and will probably act as Regent of the Empire during his father's absence at the International Exhibition in Vienna.

A NEW planet was discovered February 17th, by Dr. Charles Peters, of Clinton, N. Y., at ten hours no minutes right ascension, and north 13 degrees 40 minutes of declination. Rapid motion north; eleventh magnitude.

THE Catalanian workingmen are making demonstrations in favor of the release of conscripts in the army, and demand arms for the people, municipal self-government, shorter hours of work and higher wages.

THE annual dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce was given at Westminster Hotel, London. Mr. Schenck, the Minister of the United States, was present, and responded to the toast of the Diplomatic Corps.

THE Emperor of Japan gave an audience on New Year's to the foreign representatives. A short congratulatory address was read by the Italian Minister on behalf of the diplomatic corps, which was graciously replied to by His Majesty.

THE subject of taking the printing of the debates of Congress from the *Globe* and giving the work to William G. Murtagh, has occupied the attention of both Senate and House. In the Senate it was merely reported, while in the House a Bill to give the printing to Mr. Murtagh was passed, as also were a number of Bills reported by the Military Committee.



ITALIAN STREET MUSICIAN AND HIS MASTER.
NEW YORK CITY LIFE.—THE BRUTAL MASTER PUNISHING THE LITTLE SLAVE FOR NOT EARNING SEVEN-F



SICIA AND THEIR MASTERS.

G SEVEN-FIVE CENTS DURING THE DAY WITH THE VIOLIN.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MATT. MORGAN.—SEE PAGE 415.

THE GRAY LINNET.

THERE'S a little gray friar, in yonder green bush,
Clothed in sackcloth—a little gray friar,
Like a druid of old in his temple—but hush!
He's at vespers; you must not go nigher.

Yet, the rogue! can those strains be addressed to the
skies,
And around us so wantonly float,
While the glowing refrain like a shining thread flies
From the silvery reel of his throat?

When he roves, though he stains not his path through
the air,
With the splendor of tropical wings,
All the lustre denied to his russet plumes there,
Flashes forth through his lay when he sings.

For the little gray friar's so wondrously wise,
Though in such a plain garb he appears,
That on finding he can't reach your soul through
your eyes,
He steals in through the gates of your ears.

But the cheat! 'tis not Heaven he's warbling about—
Other passions, less holy, betide—
For, behold! there's a little gray nun peeping out
From a bunch of green leaves at his side.

NEW YORK, 1873.

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY

MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire
Arden," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—PISA.

FREDERICK had left Paris between the lamps and the stars, as I have said, on a chilly night, when the darkness and confusion in his own mind agreed better with the mist and rolling steam that made a cloud about the train as it dashed into the darkness, than with the serene celestial lights which tried in vain to penetrate that veil of vapor. He came into the harbor at Leghorn again between stars and lamps, but this time in the blue-green dawn of an Italian Spring morning, too early for any stir except that which attended the arrival of the steamer. He wrote his mother a long letter, telling her how he had been seized with "unpleasant symptoms" in Paris, but would not send her word of it lest he should alarm her; how he had managed to come on to Leghorn, taking the journey easily, and really had not suffered as he feared he would; how, on the whole, he was much better; how he intended to proceed to Pisa in the evening after a rest; and how within a week they might expect to see him back with his cousin. "Don't be uneasy about me," he said; "I am a great deal better. I feel sure I shall now get home quite comfortably; but, as you remarked before I left, I was not well when I started—too much confinement, I suppose." He telegraphed to his chief at the office, announcing his detention by illness, without entering into any particulars as to where that illness had occurred, and claiming so many days' extension of leave as would re-establish his health for the journey home. He felt ill enough, it must be allowed, after all he had gone through—ill enough almost to feel justified in the report he gave of his ailing condition—"seedy," as he would have called it, to the last degree. He could not eat anything, he slept badly, his lips were parched, his hand hot and tremulous, and his looks bore him unimpeachable testimony, better than a medical certificate. In the evening he proceeded on his short railway journey to Pisa—and on the way his mind, if not his body, mended rapidly. It was again dark when he arrived. He went to one of the hotels on the Lung' Arno, and took a feeble walk, to see the place, though so little could be seen. He had never been in Italy before, and though the circumstances were such as to damp enthusiasm, there was in Frederick's mind a certain new-born freshness of a man returned to the paths of duty which we can compare to nothing but the feelings of one recovering from an illness. It was over; he felt languid, weak, but good. He had turned his back alike on temptation and upon sin. He was convalescent. Now there is no real moral excellence in being convalescent even after a fever; but that sufferer must have had unkindly tending and little love about him in his malady, who does not feel that it is good of him to get better, and that he has done something for which all his friends are grateful to him. Frederick, though he had no friends to be grateful, felt precisely in this condition. In Paris he had felt miserable, mournful, and what he called penitence—that is, he had felt that pleasure carried too far ends by becoming unpleasant, and that it had cost very dear, and that the amount of satisfaction to be got out of it is scarcely proportioned to the outlay. This mood had lasted during the greater part of his journey. But after a man has so accounted for his misfortune as Frederick had done, and has got the means of beginning again, and feels himself clear of the toils for the time being, such a mood does not last very long; and by the time he reached Pisa he had got fully into the convalescent state, and felt good. While his dinner was preparing, he took a walk down by the side of the Arno, in which once more the stars above and the lamps below were reflecting themselves with serene composure, the lights of heaven asserting no proud superiority over the lights of earth; and then turned aside to that wonderful group of buildings of which everybody has heard. Nothing in all Italy belongs to our childhood like that leaning tower. Frederick looked up at it, bending toward him through the darkness, and recollected pictures in books at home which his mother had shown him of evenings when he stood by her knee in pinafores, before "life" began. His reminiscences gave the softest domestic turn to his mind, and made him feel still more good than before. Even in the dark there were still some

beggars about, flitting out of corners at the sight of the stranger, and he emptied his pocket among them, giving them francs and half-francs with a wild liberality which increased tenfold the numbers of these waiters upon Providence next evening in the Piazza del Duomo. There were fitful gleams of moonlight coming now and then from out a mass of clouds, and sending broad beams of momentary glory behind and between the different buildings. Frederick was awed and impressed, as well as touched and softened. This was like the higher light of religious feeling coming in to elevate the domestic piety to which his heart had been suddenly opened by recollection. Thus impressed and ameliorated, the convalescent walked back to his hotel to dinner, and was able to eat something, the reader will be glad to hear.

It was late, and he did not feel disposed to break the almost holy calm of his feelings after so many agitations, by making an effort to see his cousin that evening. He looked up at the tall houses as he went along, wondering if, perhaps, one of the faint lights he saw might be hers, but he was content to remain in this state of doubt till next day. One night could make little difference. When he had finished his meal, which was slight, but more satisfactory than anything he had been able to have since he left Paris, he made inquiries of the genial Italian waiter as to the position of the Palazzo Scaramucci, and whether anything was known of its English inhabitants. Antonio indicated to him exactly where the house was, and was eager to add that he knew the servant of the English gentleman who had died there. "Figure to yourself," he said, "that mademoiselle, his daughter, is all alone in that house of the dead." The conversation was carried on in French, and Antonio was eloquent. He gave the stranger instantly a sketch of the girl thus left without any one to care for her. "Letters have come from the friends in England, but no one has arrived," said Antonio. "What kind of hearts can they have, Blessed Madonna! Niccolo does not know what will become of the poor young lady. The Forestieri here are kind to her, but what is that when she is left all alone by her friends? Monsieur, perhaps, may know some of her friends? She is a beautiful young lady, but strange, neither like the English meeses, nor the Italian signorine, and Niccolo says—"

"Did you say she was beautiful?" said Frederick. This was a particular which it was impossible to bear without a certain interest.

"She will be beautiful when she is older, when she has more *embonpoint*," said Antonio. "But she is not English in her beauty, nor in anything else. Niccolo says she will sit for days together and never speak. She had a very strange father. He is buried in the English cemetery, so I believe all must be right. But in my opinion, though monsieur may think it droll, he was *tant soit peu sorcier*!"

"Sorcier?" said Frederick, with a languid smile. "Of course, monsieur thinks it droll—but for my part, I believe he has thrown a spell over mademoiselle. No one can melt her. She sheds no tears. Niccolo says. She listens to the English ladies without replying a word. The only Christian thing about her is that she goes often to Sta. Maria della Spina, the little, little, very little church which monsieur may have remarked; and as she is a Protestant, I suppose that must be a sin. Perhaps, if monsieur knows any of the English in Pisa, he will be able to see this strange and beautiful young girl—"

"Perhaps," said Frederick, taking the key of his bedroom and the candle from Antonio's hand. He did not choose to say that he was the lingering messenger whom her friends had sent for Innocent. But his mind was compassionately moved to aid her. Beauty is always a point in everybody's favor, and the sense of power and protection in himself was pleasant to him. "Poor child," he said to himself, almost tenderly, as he went to bed. He would be a brother to her, and to do them justice at home, they would be good to the poor girl. Yet somehow he could not but feel that his own influence, as the first to go to her, would do most for Innocent. The thought diffused a pleasant warmth and revival about his heart.

Pisa is not a cheerful place. It has neither the beauty of situation, nor the brightness of aspect, nor even the larger historical interest which belongs to Florence, its near neighbor and whom rival. It has fallen out of the race, as a town may do as well as an individual. But, on the other hand, it has no keen ice-wind to sweep its streets like those that chill the very blood in your veins in the deep ravines cut through the lofty blocks of houses which form the Florentine streets. The equable temperature of Pisa hangs about it like a cloud, stilling the life in it that may never grow loud enough to disturb the invalids who set up their tents in those old palaces. They have a little society amongst themselves, gentle, monotonous and dull, such as befits invalids. A great many English people are in that subdued Winter population, people who are, or are supposed to be, *poitrinaires*, and people in attendance upon these sufferers, and, finally, people who go because other people go, without either knowing or caring about the special advantages of the place. An English doctor and his wife, and an English clergyman and his wife, are generally to be found in all such places, and most usually these excellent persons do all they can to reduce the little colony of English, living in the midst of the quaint old foreign town, into the aspect of a village or small country place in England, where everybody talks of everybody, and knows his or her domestic grievances by heart. Mr. Vane, when he came to Pisa to die, had sought the assistance of the doctor, but not of the clergyman; so it was Mrs. Drainham, and not Mrs. St. John, who had taken Innocent in hand when her father died, and had tried to make something of the forlorn girl. Though Frederick,

of course, knew nothing about this, two letters had been dispatched but a few days before to Mrs. Eastwood and another relation, adjuring them to come to the help of the young stranger. The doctor had himself written in a business-like way to Sir Edmund Vane, but Mrs. Drainham had taken Mrs. Eastwood in hand, and had written her what both herself and the doctor felt to be a very touching letter. The author of this affecting composition had been reading it over to some select friends on the very evening on which Frederick arrived in Pisa. Dr. and Mrs. Drainham lived on the first floor of the Casa Piccolomini, on the sunny side of the Arno, in a very imposing apartment, where they often assembled round them a little society "in a very quiet way," for the doctor himself was something of an invalid, and practiced in Pisa as much for his own health as that of his patients. They were people who were generally understood to be well off, an opinion which it is good for everybody, and especially for professional people, to cultivate about themselves. Every Wednesday and Saturday tea and thin bread and butter, cut exactly as bread and butter is in England, were to be had from eight till eleven in Drainham's handsome drawing-room. On the evening in question the English colony at Pisa was very well represented in this modest assembly. There were Mr. and Mrs. St. John, accompanied by a gentle young English curate with pulmonary symptoms, who was staying with them, and giving the benefit of his services when he felt able for it. There was old Mr. Worsley and his pretty daughters, one of whom was suffering from bronchitis, and the other from *ennui*, the latter the more deadly malady of the two. The healthy portion of the population was rather in the background, and not held in much estimation. Mr. St. John himself, who now weighed nearly sixteen stone, had come to Pisa also with pulmonary symptoms, and was fond of citing himself as an instance of the cures effected by this wonderful equability of temperature. "But a Winter in England would kill me still. I could never survive a Winter in England," he would say, tapping his ample bosom with his hand, and coughing, to show that he had not quite lost the habit. On this particular occasion he uttered these words, which were very frequent on his lips, in order to console and encourage poor little Mrs. O'Carroll, the wife of a gigantic Irishman, who had broken all his bones one after another in riding across country, and who stood gaunt and tall in a corner conversing with the doctor, with red spots upon his high cheek-bones, and a hollow circle round his big eyes, which did not promise such a comfortable termination.

"Oh, then! and you'll tell Harry?" said the anxious woman, with the mellow tones of her country—"you'll tell him all about it, Mr. St. John, dear, and what you took, and how you lived?"

"There is nothing to tell, my dear lady," said the clergyman. "Pisa air, and a regular life, and taking care never to be out late or early, and nourishing food as much as I could take. But the air is the great thing. There is a serenity and equability in this Italian climate—"

"Ah, then!" cried poor Mrs. O'Carroll, "to get him to take care is all the battle. He never was ill in his life, and he won't allow he's ill, not if I were to preach to him night and day."

The only persons present who had no uncomfortable symptoms were two ladies who sometimes dominated the party, and sometimes were snubbed and cast into the shade, according to the influence which prevailed. These were the two Miss Boldings, ladies in the earlier half of middle age, one of whom studied Art, while the other studied Italy; women of perfect independence and perfect robustness, who, when Mr. St. John was not there, carried matters with a high hand, and dismissed the question of health as unworthy to occupy the first place in the conversation.

"You think a great deal too much about your lungs," Miss Bolding would say; "let them alone, and they will come all right. Don't fuss about your health; Pisa is no better than any other place, and no worse. Don't think about it. Occupy yourself with something. Neither I nor Maria ever take the smallest trouble about our health, and what is the consequence? We have never allied anything since we had the measles. Don't mind Mr. St. John—that's his hobby. If you'll meet me to-morrow morning in the Campo Santo—unless you are afraid—"

"Oh, no!—not at all afraid," said the gentle curate, with a flush of youthful shyness and wounded pride.

All these conversations were interrupted by Mrs. Drainham, who called at once to Miss Bolding for her advice, and to Mrs. O'Carroll for sympathy.

"I want you to tell me whether you think I have done right," she said, with much humility. "I am so anxious about poor Miss Vane. I have just written a letter to her aunt, though with much hesitation, for I have not your gift in writing, dear Mrs. St. John. Would you mind just listening to what I have said? If I had your approval I should feel encouraged after having sent it. It is very badly expressed, I am afraid, but it comes from the heart," said Mrs. Drainham, casting an appealing glance round her. She had pretty eyes, and was rather apt to give appealing glances. The audience gave a vague murmur of assent and applause, and Mr. St. John added, in a bold and round voice, his certainty of approval.

"It will be an excellent letter, that I don't doubt for a moment," said the clergyman; and on this encouragement Mrs. Drainham proceeded to read it, her husband standing behind her, feeling his own pulse, with a benevolent and complacent smile. And, indeed, the letter was more than excellent—it was eloquent. It appealed to the feelings of the distant aunt in the most touching way. It bade her remember the sister with whom no doubt her own child-

hood had been passed, and oh! to extend her motherly protection over that dear sister's orphan child; and it brought forward many religious, as well as natural, arguments to soften the heart of poor Innocent's nearest relation. In short, it was just such a letter as was calculated to bring tears into Mrs. St. John's eyes, and which drove Mrs. Eastwood half frantic with indignation when she read it.

"Does this woman think I am an unnatural wretch to want all this talking to?" poor Mrs. Eastwood asked, half crying with anger and wounded feeling. But the company in the Casa Piccolomini thought it a beautiful letter. They thought the relations must be hardened indeed if they could resist such an appeal as that.

"I am sure the aunt must be a dreadful woman," said Clara Worsley, "or she would have come by this time. Will you take me to see her to-morrow, dear Mrs. Drainham? After that letter everybody ought to take an interest in her—"

"You have expressed all our feelings, my dear," said Mrs. St. John, pressing the hand of the doctor's wife with mingled admiration and envy. "I doubt very much if I could have done it half as well."

"Oh! that from you!" said Mrs. Drainham, with enthusiasm, for Mrs. St. John was literary, and the highest authority on matters of style.

"But I hear the girl is a very odd girl," said Miss Bolding. "Doctor, what did her father die of? Are they wrong in their heads? I knew a Vane once, of a West Country family, who were all very queer. I wonder if they were the same Vanes? Devonshire or Somersetshire—I am not sure which—"

"They are a Devonshire family," said Dr. Drainham; "and there is nothing wrong about their brains. He died of general break-up, Miss Bolding—a high-tempered man who had lived hard. I have met him about Italy in all places. The poor girl has been oddly brought up, that is all."

"I fear without any sort of religious training, which accounts for a great deal," said Mr. St. John.

"Not without some sort of religion," said Miss Maria Bolding. "She is constantly coming over to the little Church of the Spina, the toy church as my sister calls it—a perfect little gem; I prefer it myself to the Duomo. The girl has good taste and she is wonderfully pretty—not the Raphael style, perhaps, but just such a face as Leonardo would have given anything for. I called her the Leonardo before I knew who she was."

"Don't you think, my dear, you take rather a superficial view of the matter?" said Mrs. St. John. "Think what a terrible thing to be said of an English girl—that all she knows of religion is to be constantly in the Church of the Spina! It is bad enough for the poor Italians who know no better—"

"You must go and see her, Martha," said Mr. St. John, coughing. "I have had a delicacy about it, as her poor father declined to see me. 'Yes, he declined to see me, poor man,' he added, shaking his head mournfully, with a sigh. 'I don't like to mention it, but such was the case. I fear he was sadly deficient—sadly deficient—'"

"If he is the Vane I suppose him to be," said Mr. Worsley, in a hoarse voice, "he was as great a scamp as I ever met in my life—a man you saw everywhere—well connected, and all that. A fellow that played high, and ruined every man that had anything to do with him. And died poor, of course—all those scapegraces do," said the comfortable invalid, putting his hand instinctively into his pocket.

"But his poor child. Whatever he was, we must not let that detract from our interest in the poor girl," said Mrs. Drainham. "I have tried hard to get her to talk to me—to open her heart, and to have confidence in me as a true friend. You would think she did not understand the meaning of the words."

"Have you heard that poor Lady Florence Stockport has arrived, with that delicate boy of hers?" said Mrs. St. John; and then Miss Worsley began to consult with Mrs. Drainham about the music at church, and whether Miss Metcalfe, who played the harmonium, could not be induced to give up in favor of young Mr. Blackburn, who had taken a musical degree at Oxford, and written a cantata, and meant to spend the Spring months in Pisa.

"It would make such a difference to our little service," said Miss Worsley; "and don't you think, with all the attractions of the Roman Catholic ritual around us, we ought to do everything we can to improve our services?"

Thus the general tide of the conversation flowed on, and Innocent was remitted back into obscurity.

All this took place on the evening when Frederick Eastwood arrived in Pisa. From his chamber, where he was already asleep, and from the windows of the Casa Piccolomini, might have been seen the faint light in the third-floor windows which marked where the lonely girl was sitting. She was all by herself, and she did not know, as Mrs. Drainham said, what the meaning of the word friend was. But I must turn this page and make a new beginning before I can tell you what manner of lonely soul this poor Innocent was.

CHAPTER VII.—THE PALAZZO SCARAMUCCI.

A LONG, bare room, the walls painted in distemper, with a running border of leaves and flowers, and the same design running across the rafters overhead; three huge windows, with small panes, draped with old brocade hangings round the top, but without either blinds or curtains to shut out the cloudy glimpses of the sky; very sparsely furnished; some old cabinets and rococo tables by the walls, some old settees and chairs which had once been handsome; the floor tiled with red triangular tiles, with pieces of carpet before the sofas. At one end a stove, which opened

to show the little fire, erected upon a stone slab, like a door-step, and with an ugly piece of black tube going almost horizontally into the wall, had been added for the advantage of the English Forestier, who insisted—benighted northern people—upon such accessories of what they called comfort. Another old rug, faded out of its natural brightness into sweet secondary tints of color, had been laid before this impromptu fireplace; but the aspect of the place was cold, chilling the spectator to the bone. One or two dark portraits, painted on panels, hung on the walls; they were very grim and very old; for this was the *terzo piano*, let at a cheap rate, and with few elegances to boast of. Near the stove, on a little marble-table, stood the hall-lamp, with its two unshaded wicks blazing somewhat wildly, for it had not been trimmed for some time. The oil in it, however, one good, cheap luxury, which even the poor may have in Italy, was so sweet and pure, that the air was quite untainted. On a little tray was a long loaf of the brown, very dry bread of the country, a plate of green salad, and a thin flask of the common red wine—a pretty supper to look at, but scarcely appetizing fare for a delicate appetite.

At the first glance there seemed to be no one in the room to benefit by these preparations, but, after a while, you could perceive in the recess of one of the windows a shadowy figure, leaning up in a corner, with its head against the pane, looking out. All that could be seen from that window was the cloudy sky and some occasional gleams of moonlight, which threw silver lines upon the dark floor, and when you looked down, as into a well, the Arno, flowing far below, with the stars, and clouds, and fitful moon, all reflected in it; and on its very edge the little Church of St. Maria della Spina, with all its tiny pinnacles tipped with silver.

She who looked out from this high window could not be looking for any one; the people below were as specks hurrying along in the city, with cloaks twisted over their shoulders. The watcher was nearer the heavens than the earth. She stood there so long and was so motionless, that gradually the blazing light, blown about softly by some draft from door or window, the little table with the salad and the wine-flask, became the centre of the still life, and the human shadow in the window counted for nothing. No breath or sound betrayed that something was there more alive than the light of the lamp or the glimmer of the wood-embers, which, indeed, fell now and then in white ashes, and broke the utter silence of the place.

This silence, however, was much more effectively broken by the entrance of a stout, middle-aged Italian, with a cloak over one of his shoulders and the *cache-nez* in his hand in which he was about to muffle his features when he went out. He looked round and round the large room, apparently unable to see the figure in the window; and then, with an impatient exclamation, went to the table, and snuffed the blazing wicks and trimmed the lamp.

"Just like her, just like her," he said to himself, "gazing somewhere; never eating, never considering that one must live. If I were to add a slice of salami—though the child is fastidious, she does not eat salami—"

"I am here, Niccolo," said a voice from the window.

"So I supposed, signorina. I knew you must be in some corner. May I be permitted to remark that life is not supported by the eyes, but by the mouth? If you will not eat *cena* I have prepared for you, what can I do? I cannot take you on my knees and feed you like a baby. Oh! I have done it—I have been obliged to do it, when I had the poor padrone's authority to sustain me, before now."

"Niccolo," said the voice, "I shall not want anything more to-night. If you are ready you may go."

"Oh, yes, I may go. If you would but have Philomena to stay with you, at least, in case you should want anything."

"I want nothing," said the girl. She came out of the window, advancing a few steps, but still keeping quite out of the cheerful circle of the light.

"No, the signorina wants nothing, the signorina will soon want nothing but a hole in the heretic cemetery beside her father; and when one goes sinfully out of the world by one's own wickedness, besides being a Protestant and believing nothing, what can one look for?"

Upon this she came altogether out of the darkness, and approached the fire. "Do you think that not eating kills people?" she asked. "I cannot eat, I have no appetite, but I do not wish to die."

"At least, under any circumstances, one can drink a little wine," said Niccolo, with disapproving dignity. "Signorina, I have put everything in order. I will leave the key with Luigi down-stairs, that Philomena may enter in the morning without disturbing you. I now wait only to bid you a *felissimima notte*. Sleep well; and the Madonna and the Saints take care of you, poor child!"

This little outburst was not unusual. The girl extended her hand to him with a smile, and Niccolo kissed it. Then throwing his cloak over his other shoulder, and wrapping it round him, he left her in her solitude. The guests at the Casa Piccolomini were dispersing at the same time, escorting each other, and escorted by their servants, through the still streets. As Niccolo closed the great door after him, the sound seemed to reverberate through the blackness of the great staircase, down which he plunged, darkling, groping his way by the walls. Mr. Worsley, who lived on the first floor, had a coil of green wax-taper in his pocket, which he lighted, to guide himself and his daughter to the door. They were a little afraid when they heard the footsteps stumbling down, not having been able to divest themselves of the idea that stiletto-thrusts were the natural accompaniments of a dark staircase.

And with his cloak doubled over his left shoulder and his red *cache-nez* hiding his countenance, Niccolo looked dangerous, more like killing his man in a corner than watching with the tenderness of woman over the wayward child whom he had just left with an ache in his honest heart.

All alone in the house! The *appartamento* was not so large as that of Mr. Worsley down-stairs, for it was divided into two, as being adapted for cheaper lodgers. Besides this large *salone*, however, there was an ante-chamber, of which, while Mr. Vane was alive, he made a dining-room; and then a long stone passage, echoing and dreary, through which the solitary girl had to pass to her bedroom, another terrible stone room, floored with tiles, at the other end of the house. She had to pass her father's room by the way, and another gaping empty chamber, full of furniture which, with Italian superstition, had been turned out of the chamber of death. She was not afraid. She had been used to such constant solitude that it seemed natural to her. While her father was alive she had been as solitary as she was now, and it did not seem to her, as it did to everybody else, that his mere presence in the house made so much difference. She had been brought up in a Spartan Italian fashion, to bear the cold and heat as things inevitable. She put her feet upon the stone slab, which did duty as a hearth, more from custom than from the warmth, which she scarcely thought of. A small scaldino stood under the table, full of fresh embers, which Niccolo had brought with him from the kitchen; but, though she was cold, she did not take it up and warm her hands with it, as a thorough Italian would have done. She was half Italian only, and half English, rejecting many habits of both nations. She had a small cloak of faded velvet drawn round her shoulders, old, and cut after no fashion that had prevailed within the memory of man. It had come, I believe, originally from a painter's studio, but it was warm, and kept her alive in the penetrating cold.

I am afraid I am describing too much, which is a fatal weakness for a historian to fall into; but yet, of course, the gentle reader who does not scorn that delightful title would prefer to hear what this solitary girl was like. She had a straight, slim figure, too slim for beauty, though that defect of youth is one which it is easy to forgive. Her hair was dark and soft, and hung about her face, framing it with a soft fold, very slightly undulating at the ends, though not in anything that could be called a curl. I must warn my dear friend and gentlest auditor that this sounds a great deal better in words, and looks a great deal better in a picture, than it does in reality; for a girl of sixteen, with hair thus hanging about her, neither curled nor dressed, is apt to be an objectionable young person, inclining to untidiness, and to look like a colt, unkempt and untrimmed. But innocent was a neglected girl, who had never known any better. She did not strike you at the first glance as beautiful. She had no color, and even had been called sallow by some observers. The chief beauty that struck the beholder was the perfect shape of her face—a pure oval, with the chin somewhat accentuated as in the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, and the eyes somewhat long in shape. The eyes were heavy-lidded; they were not "well-opened eyes." Only in moments of emotion did she raise the heavy lids freely, and flash the full light of her look upon you. At the present moment those lids were doubly heavy with dreams. The lips, which were thin, and rather straight, without curves, were closed upon each other with the closeness of meditation; her hair fell into the hollow of her neck on either side, and lay in a half ring and careless twist upon her shoulder. A very simple black dress, without trimmings, appeared under the velvet cloak. She took a little of the wine from the flask, and a morsel of the dry brown bread, and swallowed them as it seemed with great difficulty, bending over the fire in the stove, which began to sink into white ashes. After a while she rose quite calmly, and lifted the long stalk of the lamp, and went away through the lengthy, echoing, ghostly passage. She saw nothing, feared nothing; her imagination was not at liberty; it was absorbed about other things.

When Mrs. Drainham, who was really concerned about the girl, came to see her before twelve next morning, she found her seated by the same little table which had held her lamp the previous night, with a little dish of polenta before her, and again the dry brown bread and the small flask of wine. It seemed the strangest, most distasteful breakfast to the Englishwoman.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "do send away that mess, and have a nice cup of tea."

"I like polenta," said Innocent, playing with her spoon, "and I don't like tea."

This seemed immoral to Mrs. Drainham.

"If you go to England, my dear," you must not say you have been in the habit of having wine for breakfast," she said. "It would be thought so very strange for a young girl."

Innocent made no immediate answer. With a perverse impulse she poured out a little of the nostrale wine, the commonest and cheapest, and diluted it with water.

"Probably I shall never be in England," she said, in a very low tone.

"Oh, you must go to England. What are you to do here, poor child? Friends have been raised up to you here, but it is not likely that people who are not connected with you would continue—and the apartment, you know, must be let. The Marchese is very poor, and he could not be expected to lie out of his money, and Niccolo must find another situation. Everything, in short, is at a standstill until you go away."

(To be continued.)

The late Secretary of War Stanton predicted a "solid republic" in Spain about this time. Spain, then, must put her "solid men to the front."

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE *Indépendance Belge* states that a complete rupture has taken place between the Duc de Montpensier and Queen Isabella. The cause is said to be the quarrels which occur between the Queen and her husband, which the Duke in a letter to Queen Christina said he regarded as jeopardizing the dynasty. Queen Christina is said to have called her daughter's serious attention to the communication, upon which the latter declared that she would have no further relations with the Duke, but reserve her liberty to do the best she could for herself and her son.

THE Japanese are to have an illustrated newspaper. It is to be published in London under a Japanese proprietor and editor, who will have the assistance of Rev. Mr. Summers, the professor of Japanese at King's College. It is named the *Tai See Shinbun*, or *Great Western News*. This journal is to publish the writings of the numerous Japanese now in England and America, and thus to communicate their observations on Western proceedings to their countrymen at home. The number of these Japanese is estimated at 700, and a large proportion of them are students.

A MURMUR of incipient republicanism comes from the north of Europe. Sweden has just refused to vote the King—a scion of the Bernadotte dynasty—the cash necessary for a magnificent coronation *fete*. Take this refusal in connection with the fact that in Norway royalty has long been nothing but a show, while in Denmark the palace is an unpopular institution, and it is safe to predict that the next European republic will be formed of what medieval writers were in the habit of calling the *Sveithico-Gothic* stock. A little heaven leaves the whole lump. "Royalty in Europe," says a keen European radical, "is a magnificent iceberg, to be fractured with the point of a pin." And he might have added, the point of the pin is the conviction that a government erected upon the non-consent of the governed is practically a usurpation.

THE German law-courts have not supported the Government in its action against the newspapers which published the recent Papal Allocution. The first case tried was that of the *Frankfort Gazette*, the seizure of which by the police has been declared illegal. The Court held that, as the text of the Allocution was introduced by an editorial statement which showed that the conductors of the paper did not approve of the tenor and tendencies of the Allocution, there was no contravention of the articles 95 and 131 of the Penal Code. The seizure of the paper was, therefore, unwarranted. Following the example thus set at Frankfurt, the provincial tribunal of Aix-la-Chapelle has declared the seizure of the *Semaine*, of Malmédy, which published the Allocution, unjustifiable. The editor of another paper has been less fortunate at Cologne. The *Kölnische Volks Zeitung* has just been fined 100 thalers for reproducing the address sent by a popular gathering of Catholics to the Cologne Jesuits. This was the result of a second trial. In the first instance the paper had been acquitted.

THE Imperial Government of Japan has issued a couple of hand books, giving the number, the functions, and the salaries of the foreigners employed in its service, with their names in Japanese as nearly as they can be presented in that language. There are 214 of these foreigners employed by the Government proper, with salaries ranging from \$400 to \$16,000 a year. Their nationalities are: English, 119; French, 50; Americans, 16; Dutch, 2; Prussian, 8; Chinese, 9; Indian, 2; Danish, 1; Italian, 1; Malayan, 4; Portuguese, 1; Paraguayan, 1. There are also 164 foreigners employed in the Imperial cities and by the local authorities of the provinces. Of these, 50 are English, 19 French, 25 American, 9 Prussian, 15 Dutch, 3 Malayan, 42 Chinese, and 3 Arabian. There are, likewise, over 100 foreigners living in the interior of the country as surgeons, teachers, engineers, and the like. Those who have imagined that Americans had some sort of predominance in Japan will be instructed by the above figures.

SCIENTIFIC.

BLIND SPIDERS.—In the December number of the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, the Rev. O. P. Cambridge has described two new species of spiders from Ceylon. They are perfectly blind, and are found among decayed leaves. The Cave spiders have long been known as eyeless, having become blind through disuse of the eyes in the course of many generations; it is believed that in this case it has been so through the spiders being hidden from light under the decaying vegetable matter. The name of *Nyctelaps* has been given to the new genus.

THE Medical Record, in a note entitled "Science the Peace-maker," has the following: "Immediately after the war, the French societies occupied themselves in striking off the roll the names of all German associates, and French savans withdrew theirs from the German societies of which they were honorary members. We are glad to note, as indicating a return to a more sound and philosophic mind, that at a recent meeting of the Berlin Chemical Society M. Cahours, an eminent Frenchman, applied for, and was accorded, admission to the honorary membership."

LIEUTENANT GRANDY, leader of the Livingstone Congo Expedition, has written to Sir Henry Rawlinson, reporting his arrival at Sierra Leone on December 14th, where he got together his exploring party, consisting of his brother, Mr. M. B. Grandy, two Congo men to act as interpreters, nineteen Kroonmen, and a steady native from the police, Daniel E. Gabbidon. The party left for the South Coast on the 27th, in good health, after an inspection and a few cheering words at Government-house. The local Government presented Lieutenant Grandy with a traveling tent, waterproof blankets and other useful articles.

THE Meteorological Society of Mauritius have resolved to prepare as complete a list as possible of the hurricanes which have been felt at Mauritius and at Bourbon in former times, and of the years that have been remarkable for droughts or rainfall. Their main purpose in doing so is to test the hypothesis that the frequency of storms and the amount of rainfall have periodicities. Meantime preliminary lists of hurricanes at the two places have been prepared, in the case of Bourbon from 1733 to 1754, and in the case of Mauritius from 1695 to 1847. In the former list there are only two years, 1741 and 1749, in which no mention is made of hurricanes, while the latter is apparently much more incomplete, having many gaps. While some of these gaps may be owing to the absence of hurricanes, still, no doubt, hurricanes have occurred which are not included in the list. But it is remarkable that many of the gaps occur about the time of minimum frequency of sun-spots.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE negotiations between France and Germany are proceeding satisfactorily.

THROUGHOUT the West Indies the prospects are fair for an unusually good sugar crop.

TWO more political offenders condemned to death have received commutation of sentence.

VICTOR EMMANUEL was received with much enthusiasm at the theatre in Rome recently.

IT is reported that a fresh insurrection has broken out in Biscay, in the Basque provinces.

THE Spanish Minister at Vienna has resigned, but it is believed that he will be reappointed.

EXPENDITURES for the Army of Great Britain during the fiscal year 1873-74 are estimated at \$66,157,000.

THE Portuguese official organs deny that there is any movement to establish a Republic within its territory.

AUSTRIA will recognize the Republic of Spain as soon as officially notified of its definite establishment.

THE Spanish Radicals and Republicans are having a fair division of official appointments under the new régime.

SEÑOR ALONZO has made a powerful speech in the National Assembly, in favor of the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico.

INTELLIGENCE has arrived of the successful landing of another cargo of arms and ammunition for the Cuban patriots.

THE Spanish National Assembly has adopted the Ministerial estimates for military, naval and home expenditures.

THE students peacefully paraded the streets of Coimbra, Portugal, in honor of the establishment of the Spanish Republic.

A MAJORITY of the conservative generals of the Spanish Army have assured the Government that they will not oppose the Republic.

THE National Assembly, Spain, sanctioned an amnesty to all republican insurgents and offenders against the laws regulating the Press.

GENERAL CORDOVA, Spanish Minister of War, asked for supplies for arming the people, all the available arms having been distributed.

THE adoption by the Committee of Thirty of M. Dufaure's proposal to create a Second Chamber, is regarded as a victory for President Thiers.

IT is rumored that some of the great Powers have intimated to the Spanish Government that they will oppose the formation of a federal republic.

BARCELONA retains a sulky attitude; the people show little enthusiasm toward the Republic, and the statue of Washington has been removed from the front of the Town Hall.

THE Carlists have been defeated in Catalonia, but are said to be increasing in numbers. The Conservatives are suspected of intriguing for a revival of the Hohenzollern candidature.

IN the State Senate, Senator Johnson has moved an investigation as to the qualifications of William M. Tweed to hold a seat in the Senate under the alleged charges of fraud against him in New York.

A SPECIAL dispatch from Paris to the *London Daily Telegraph* says that France will attempt to compel Spain to sell Cuba, and that the United States had offered \$50,000,000 francs, payable in two years, but Spain refused.

IN the speech of Señor Figueras, in reply to Minister Sickles, he made very significant allusions to a determined retention of Cuba, and Señor Castelar says the same in a dispatch to the Spanish residents at Paris.

THE King of the Sandwich Islands, in his inaugural address, proposed important amendments to the constitution. The first and most important is that the Legislature be divided into two distinct branches—nobles and representatives.

A new quarrel has sprung up between the Legationists and Orleanists in France, and the decision of the Committee of Thirty in favor of a Second Chamber has caused a complete rupture between the Right and Left Centre.

ANOTHER band of Carlists has been defeated by the troops of the Spanish Republic on the heights of Miravalles. Don Carlos has arrived in Spain. Traffic has been re-established in the North, troops accompanying the trains through the Pyrenees.

GENERAL SICKLES, the American Minister, has intimated to the Spanish Government that the United States are not disposed to press embarrassing questions relative to Cuba, desiring to place no obstacles in the way of the Republic.

THE report of the Poland Committee on the Crédit Mobilier investigation was read in the House amid the deepest excitement. It recommends the expulsion of Mr. James Brooks from the House, and also Mr. Oakes Ames, the briber.

THE official Gazette of Madrid will contain a proclamation offering amnesty to the Carlists, now in insurrection in the Northern Provinces, if they will, within two weeks from that date, lay down their arms and submit to the authority of the Government.

News of the Spanish abdication caused the greatest excitement in Havana, and at once advanced the premium on gold. Thousands of circulars are being distributed, denouncing the robbers of the public treasury and smuggling merchants, and calling for their death.

DURING a session of the National Assembly, Madrid, Señor Salmeron, Minister of the Colonies, read an official telegram from the authorities at Havana, giving in their adhesion to the Republic. The Assembly thereupon adopted a resolve that it heard the announcement with joy.

THE leading members of the Conservative Party in the Spanish Cortes have decided not to oppose the present Government. Political reforms and the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico occupy the attention of the Legislature. An attempted mutiny in the garrison at New Castle in favor of Don Carlos proved a failure.

FERNANDO WOOD moved in the House for the Committee on Judiciary to report articles of impeachment against Vice-President Coifax. The resolution was lost by the votes of two implicated Republicans—Garfield and Dawes. A Republican member then offered a resolution, nearly the same as Mr. Woods, which was adopted.

THE London Standard is aroused by Congressman Butler's Bill for the distribution of the *Alabama* award, declaring that it clearly shows that the award exceeds the total amount of the real claims by over \$1,000,000. It considers the Geneva decision a diplomatic defeat, the Treaty of Washington a blunder, and arbitration a failure.

A DISPATCH from Yreka says Meehan, Applegate and Case, and General Canby, the Modoc Peace Commissioners, arrived at Fairchild's rancho, and sent a messenger for Robert Whittle and his Modoc wife Matilda, who will go with them to Captain Jack's camp, Matilda to solicit an interview and ask Captain Jack to appoint a day for a council.



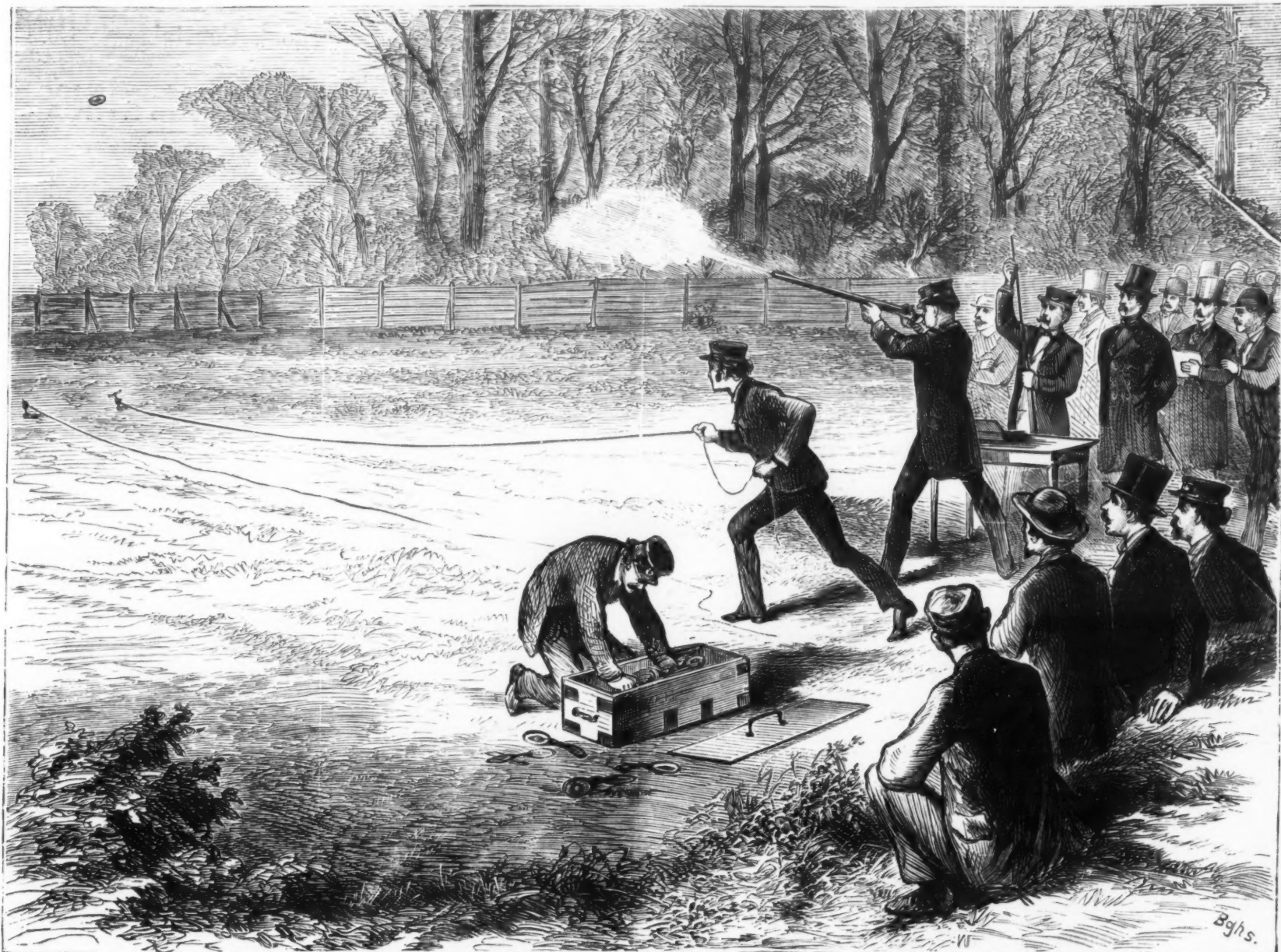
UNCLE SAM'S EYES OPEN AT LAST.

SMITH —: "I am an honest man. If Nesbitt were here, he'd say so. I never took anything that wasn't given to me."

UNCLE SAM: "Jes' so! jes' so! You took all you could git; but you perjured yourself by saying you got nothing. Commit hani-kari."

SCHURZ: "The old man has found them out; but he wouldn't believe us, when we told him, last Summer."

(When the Japanese condemn a man to hani-kari the victim's best friend stands by to finish the work.)



LONG ISLAND.—TRIAL OF THE PATENT STEEL GYRO-PIGEON, TO BE USED AT SHOOTING-MATCHES.

HEAD OF TIBI, CHIEF OF THE ANTIPAS, SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

TIBI was the chief of the tribe of Antipas Indians, dwelling on the banks of the Upper Amazon, South America. He was killed in March, 1871, by one of the Aguaranas, who inhabit the country between the Upper Amazon and the Napo.

Tibi had for years been a dreaded warrior, and was constantly engaged in predatory warfare with the neighboring tribes. At last, in one of his excursions, he fell into the hands of the Aguaranas, but not before he had slain with his own hands ten of his enemies. The Antipas, although stronger in numbers than the Aguaranas, fled as soon as their chief fell. The triumph of the Aguaranas was considered so signal, that they feasted for two months, and preserved the head for a trophy. During this festival season they came down to a small village on the Upper Amazon, called Barranca, where a captain of the Peruvian Army happened to be staying, *en route*. He took a fancy to have the head, and offered the Indians a rifle for it. The bargain was effected, though evidently with great reluctance on the part of the Indians, the rifle being too great a temptation for them to resist, and thus their scruples to giving up the head were overcome.

The Aguaranas are the only Indians known in South America that understand the art of preserving the human skin and scalp. Their method of preserving the head is to remove the bones, thus contracting the size to about one-quarter of its normal state. The skin is thus kept in a more natural condition than by any other known process.

The Aguaranas wear these heads as trophies, in the same way that our North American Indians wear the scalps of their enemies slain in battle.

The photograph from which our engraving is made was furnished by R. H. Furman, of Para, Brazil.

ERADE OF THE EDERKRANZ.

The earliest events of the carnival season have always been regarded as the productions of the Liederkranz Societies. Before last witnessed the



SOUTH AMERICA.—THE HEAD OF TIBI, A FORMER CHIEF OF THE TRIBE OF ANTIPAS INDIANS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. H. FURMAN, OF PARA.

first of these, and last week the second. The Academy of Music was the scene of one of the grandest balls ever given by the German Liederkranz Society. The greater portion of the immense concourse wore fancy costumes.

Long before midnight thousands of people had assembled and filled the parquet, boxes, and balconies, awaiting the "Revival of the Fools' Paradise." No more brilliant scene could have been witnessed anywhere, one would imagine. Ladies and gentlemen appeared in every variety of costume, color and pattern. The music was exceedingly fine, being furnished by two bands—one conducted by Bernstein, the other by Dietz.

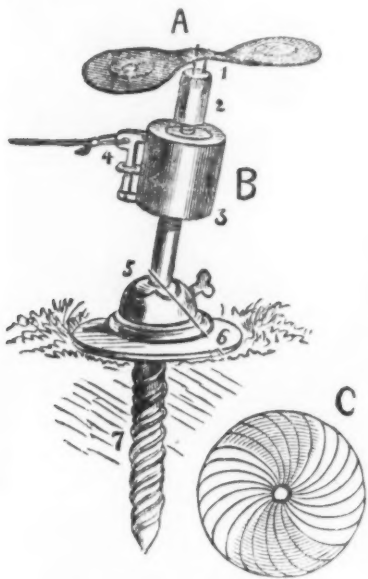
The curtain rose shortly before 11 o'clock, discovering a scene representing the Alps, with the lake and city of Geneva. In front was a terrace, and on the right a pavilion. No sooner was the curtain up, than the gas-jets suddenly blazed, to convey the idea of sunrise on Geneva. Two heralds, gorgeously fantastically, stepped upon the terrace, and gave the signal to the bands, who struck up a fearfully discordant medley, which was followed by the "Watch on the Rhine."

This brought on the procession, consisting of the German Emperor and suite, who entered with a solemn air, acknowledged the applause they received, and took their seats in the Pavilion. A series of comicalities followed, the Geneva Conference and the San Juan Boundary decision being the principal features. The latter tableau brought forth President Grant to receive the two important decisions. Then came a deputation of Sandwich Islanders, bearing in their hands huge sandwiches, which were laid at the President's feet. Then came the King of the Sandwich Islands to the tune of "The King of the Cannibal Islands," when Miss Nellie Grant and Columbia entered, and the whole was wound up by a grand procession of the maskers. Dancing and general hilarity were the succeeding features of the night.

BLOODLESS PIGEON- SHOOTING.

MR. HENRY BERGH, in his ceaseless fight in behalf of dumb animals, has seen and approved of an ingenious contrivance

for securing all the excitement of pigeon-shooting without the employment of live birds. The apparatus consists of a "gyro," or finely-tempered steel counterfeited pigeon, and a trap. An inclosed spring of the latter is wound up, the direction set, by means of a universal joint, the gyro placed on two steel points above the spring, the string is run right out, and, at the signal, pulled, when the gyro immediately ascends, going in the desired direction. Sometimes the bird will pass near the ground; at others, describe an extensive, elevated curve, and at others again, unite all the eccentric motions of a live pigeon. Every desired feature of pigeon-shooting is attained; besides, the gyro affords a far more perfect test of marksmanship, as a little practice will show. Those who are fond of rifle-practice can, by this means, gratify their taste without being guilty of wanton destruction of life. And if professional skill is aimed at, there can be no training more thorough than that provided by the gyro. It has met the high approval of humane gentlemen throughout England; and, from what we have seen of its action, a gyro shooting-match would be far more exciting than one in which poor pigeons are released only to be stricken down in the first attempts toward freedom.



EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAM.

A.—The gyro, or pigeon-set.
B.—The trap. 1. Steel points, holding the gyro in position. 2. The lever. 3. The cylinder inclosing the spiral. 4. The spring, with cord attached. 5. Universal joint. 6. Portion of trap resting on the ground. 7. Screw by which it is held firm.
C.—Appearance of the gyro while revolving in the air.

A GALLANT ATTEMPT.

A FEW weeks since the British frigate *Endymion*, being on her way to join the Flying Squadron in the West Indies, was obliged, from stress of weather, to return to Portsmouth. While on her return, a seaman, who was engaged in assisting to take down a second reef in the main topsail, was struck by a block which had got adrift, knocked off the yard, and fell, striking the rigging as he went into the sea. A young sub-lieutenant, Mr. Robert J. Wood, who was on duty at the time, observing the accident, rushed to one of the quarter-deck ports, and plunged at once into the sea. The unfortunate sailor, having been probably stunned by the fall, never rose to the surface, and Mr. Wood was unable, notwithstanding his heroic exertions, to rescue him from a watery grave. A life-buoy had been immediately let go, which Mr. Wood, after much exertion and with great difficulty, owing to the heavy sea, succeeded in reaching, and holding on till the lifeboat which had been launched at length reached him, and he was providentially saved from a fearful death. After some perilous escapes the lifeboat was at last picked up by the frigate, and all were got safely on board, though with considerable difficulty.

Now, when it is considered how heavy must have been the sea which made it desirable for a frigate of the *Endymion* class to seek a port, and how strong the gale which put her under double-reefed topsails, it must be acknowledged that it was a noble and daring deed for a young man just beginning life, with all his career before him, without a moment's hesitation, to face a danger so extreme as trusting himself to the mercy of those angry waters—a risk from which, under all circumstances, the bravest spirit might have shrunk appalled—not for any selfish object, but to save a brother sailor from a mournful end.

The action deserves to be recorded, and surely all those who take a pride in the glory of the navy of their country will rejoice to find that there are to be found among her young and rising sons lads who possess those sterling qualities sure to maintain for it in the future that character which has ever marked its history in the past, and to display in every emergency a spirit of chivalrous self-devotion.

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.

DR. EMILE LAMMO, of New Orleans, has probably solved one of the problems of the day—the discovery of a perfectly safe motive power for street railway-cars other than horses or mules. Dr. Lanno has invented a steam-engine for this purpose, which has been tested on one of the roads in the Crescent City, and found to work most satisfactorily, saving 33 per cent. of the cost of running cars by mule-

power. No fire is used. The driving engine is of ordinary character. It has a reservoir large enough to contain 300 gallons of water, with steam-room above it. The boiler is of steel, and is well covered with the non-conducting material to prevent the radiation of the heat. The motive power of the engine is obtained by means of the compression of steam in water, the steam being conducted from a stationary boiler at the end of the track, which dispenses with the firing-up process while under way. The steam with which the engine is charged is sufficient (according to the capacity of the boiler) of performing a trip of from ten to fifteen miles. At the time of changing the temperature in the boiler it is about 380 degrees Fahrenheit, the pressure of steam being about 170 pounds to the inch. There is not the least danger of explosion in using this apparatus, as the pressure in the reservoir can never rise above the point reached at the time of charging, and it is necessarily constantly diminishing as the power is expended. So simple is its construction, there is less skill required in handling this locomotive than a horse or mule.

WIVES IN INDIA.

WRITING in the *Madras Times*, a lady gives the following account respecting Englishwomen who go out to India: "I have been many years in India," she says, "and though I have met many ladies whom to know was to respect and admire in the highest degree, such are unfortunately in a minority. I think most men will agree with me that Englishwomen in India deteriorate mentally as well as physically year by year. I see a young girl—wife or maiden—arrive fresh as a field daisy, with the bloom of youth and glowing health showing in every feature, in graceful sprightly movement of supple limbs; full of energy and bright anticipations, mayhap of love, for the life companion, already won, who accompanies her, or anxiously awaits her arrival in Bombay. She comes among us, bringing light and mirth in her train, till we also—like the Peri at the gate of Paradise—catch rays from the sun of happiness shining within her, and feel their genial warmth cheer and almost cheat us into the belief that we have over-calculated our age by at least ten years. But gradually a change steals over the young, fresh spirit; the rose and the lily alike disappear; the novelty of the new life has worn off, like the gilding of base metal—the climate, the country, the people, among whom her lot is cast, are all alike ungenial. Lacking the strong will that surmounts difficulties and disappointments, she succumbs without a struggle. The once adoring husband sees one by one his cherished dreams fade, and a querulous invalid take the place of the blooming girl."

RARE BOOKS AND MSS.

THERE has just been dispersed by a London auctioneer, at small prices, a collection of rare and valuable books and manuscripts, relating to the early history of the American continent. Among them were the original private records of the French commanders-in-chief in Canada during the Old Seven Years' War, from 1755 to 1760. These sold for \$320. There was also a long original letter, signed by Don Diego Columbus, and addressed to King Charles V., not dated, but evidently written in 1519; another letter to Charles V., from Hernando Cortes, with signature, and very interesting; a letter of Sir Francis Drake to the Earl of Essex; a letter of Diego de Almagro to Charles V., dated in Peru, January, 1535; the original autograph manuscript of Burns's Ode on the American War; and a long and beautiful autograph letter of President Washington to the Rev. M. Boucher, of Annapolis, respecting the education of his step-son. This last brought \$125; the Cortes letter, \$71; the Almagro manuscripts, \$92. *Las Casas'* "Chronicle of the Spaniards in the West Indies" was sold for \$63, and the *Viages de Francisco Dracón*, 1589, y Eduardo Fonton en 1592," for \$31. There were other books and manuscripts of equal interest in the collection, and it seemed a sad pity that it could not have been brought intact to the country to which it naturally belongs.

THE CAFES OF PARIS.

IT appears from a French paper containing an interesting sketch of Paris cafes, that for one hundred and fifty years these institutions have flourished very much in their present form. A German, M. Nemeitz, who visited Paris in 1720, gives some minute particulars about them. "The French," he says, "are great coffee-drinkers. They say that this beverage is so cheering to them. There is a story afloat here of how a duchess, hearing that her husband had fallen in battle, promptly responded: 'Ah! unhappy wretch that I am! My coffee! my coffee! bring me my coffee!'" La Neuve Laurent then kept the establishment particularly frequented by wits, and here Gramscot, "that famous master of language who wrote the campaigns of Le Roi of Sweden"—alas, the evanescence of fame!—who in New York to-day has heard of Gramscot?—was to be found as leader, just as Dryden was at Willis's. No cards were played in the cafes then, only chess and sometimes billiards, but the latter seems to have been very little in fashion. He mentions one very great difference between now and then. None smoked "as they do in England and Holland." Incidentally he alludes to the devotion for tennis at that time among the upper classes. A proficient at this pastime could, even if of comparatively humble degree, enter by its means the charmed circle of the then terrifically exclusive *haut ton*.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A PHOCAL distance—Alaska.

The latest miracle—A blind bishop is reported to have obtained a see from the Pope in Switzerland.

AMADEUS (in the words of Fitz-Greene Halleck)—"Give me, in preference to a crown, five shillings change."

A CHICAGO dry-goods dealer advertises: "The most alarming sacrifice since the days of Abraham and Isaac."

The most bashful girl we ever heard of was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

PRAYER was offered in behalf of the Washington newspapers in the First Congregational Church of the city the other day.

The rotund maiden of the period, dressed in the fashionable low-necked party dress, looks like an oyster on the half-shell—pale, pulpy and peaceful.

"WHEN I lost my wife," says a French writer, "every family in town offered me another; but when I lost my horse, no one offered to make him good."

A SCHOOLBOY'S toast: "The Girls—May they add charity to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply genial affections, divide time by industry and recreation, reduce scandal to its lowest denominations, and raise virtue to its highest power."

The daughter of a wealthy merchant in Boston is reported to be engaged to an Italian nobleman, and it is further stated that the marriage is only deferred until the bridegroom receives a remittance from home to enable him to buy a new pair of boots.

AN over-sanguine gentleman having hazarded the remark a few days since that "the back of the Winter may now be considered broken," was met with the rejoinder that "if it wasn't, it ought to be, considering the tremendous load of snow it had to carry."

"VELL, now, I will tell shunst how it vas," said a thick-headed Dutch witness in Canada, recently, for the twentieth time, testifying as many repetitions from the judge for telling what his wife told him, instead of what he saw. He gave the statement very concisely, but to the consternation of the court, in reply to the opposing counsel's question as to how he knew it all, came the old answer, "My wife told me." Losing all patience, the judge roared out, "Suppose your wife should tell you the heavens had fallen, what should you think?" Without the slightest hesitation the witness replied, "Vell, I should tink dey vas down!"

PURCHASERS of clothing can find a large stock constantly made up at Shea's, 427 Broome Street. For the superior quality of the goods, mostly misfits from Broadway houses, the prices will be found moderate. Dress coats for balls, etc., can be hired at this establishment, and persons in want of such, and of moderate means, should visit Shea's, and inspect his generally assorted stock.

THE WAY TO SAVE MONEY AND HEALTH.—The hot weather of Summer is a sore trial to the wives and mothers who have a family to sew for and no sewing machine to do it with. There is no excuse, however, for any family, however poor, remaining long without a sewing machine, when the Improved Wilson is for sale so cheap, and on such easy terms. Let it be clearly understood that the Wilson is in every respect a first-class machine, but being made by a company not in the great "Ring," it is sold at a fair price, which every one who needs a machine can afford to pay. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is a perfect palace in its appointments.

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Use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Pimples on the Face BLACKHEADS & FLESHWORMS.

Use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. If

SOME MOTHERS THINK SILVER-TIPPED SHOES unbecoming. Let them look in the glass some day when they call themselves well fixed up.

LOST—The name of the person who did not like CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and shoes. Any one finding such a person will be liberally rewarded by buying a pair and trying them.

A GREAT OFFER FOR FEBRUARY!!

Horace Waters & Son, 481 B'dway, N. Y., will dispose of 100 PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS of first-class makers, including Waters's, at extremely low prices for cash during THIS MONTH. New 7 octave PIANOS, modern improvements, for \$250 and \$275, cash. THE WATERS CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. Prices at bargains, for cash. Monthly installments received, running from one to three years. New and second-hand instruments to let, and rent applied, if purchased, illustrated Catalogues mailed.

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We have now open an unusually large assortment in NEW DESIGNS and COLORINGS of

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ROYAL WILTONS, Manufactured specially to order for dining-rooms, libraries, halls and stairs.

ENGLISH BODY BRUSSELS, A splendid assortment in NEW PRIVATE PATTERNS.

Velvets and Tapestries, Three-Ply and Ingrains, English and American Oil Cloths,

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"FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON."

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6 Muslin Chemises.....@ \$2.25.....	\$13.50
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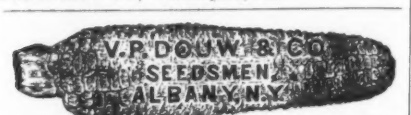
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7. Landscape in Indiana.
8. Valley of Isere.
9. Rainy Sunday.
10. View of Rio Janeiro.
11. Cedar Creek, Virginia.
12. Shakespeare's Statue in Central Park, N.Y.
13. Room in which Shakespeare was Born.
14. Shakespeare Vase.
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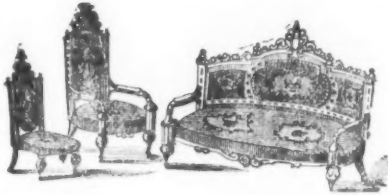
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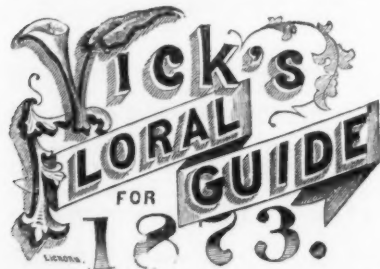
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